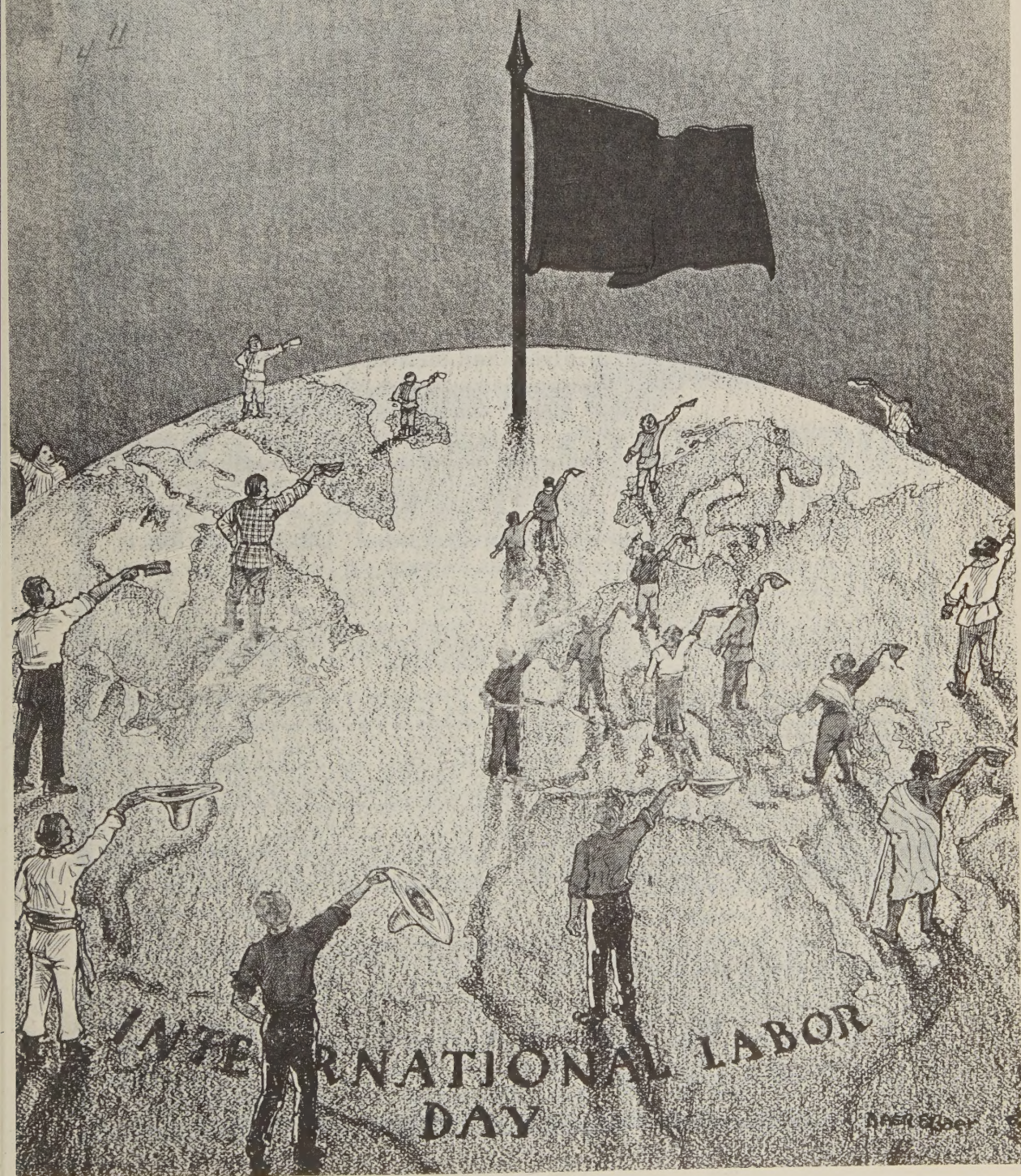
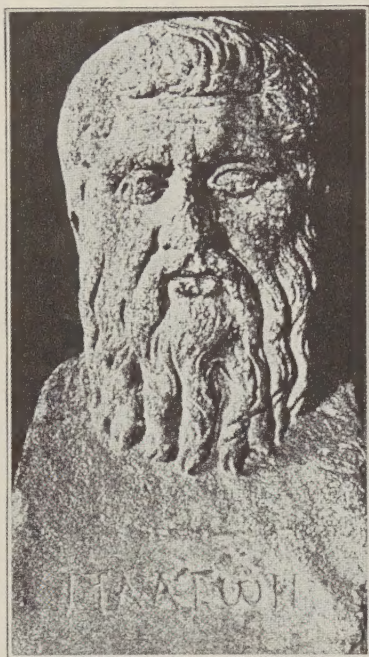


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INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW





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Translated by

ALEXANDER KERR

Professor Emeritus of Greek in the University
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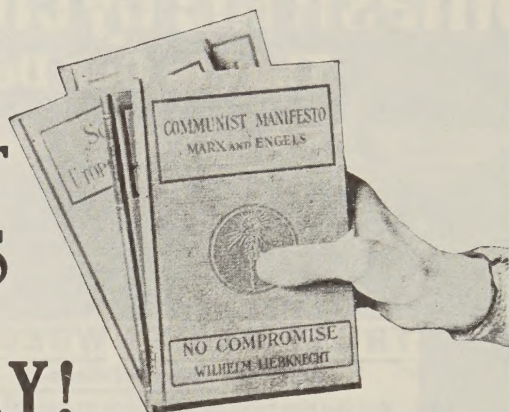
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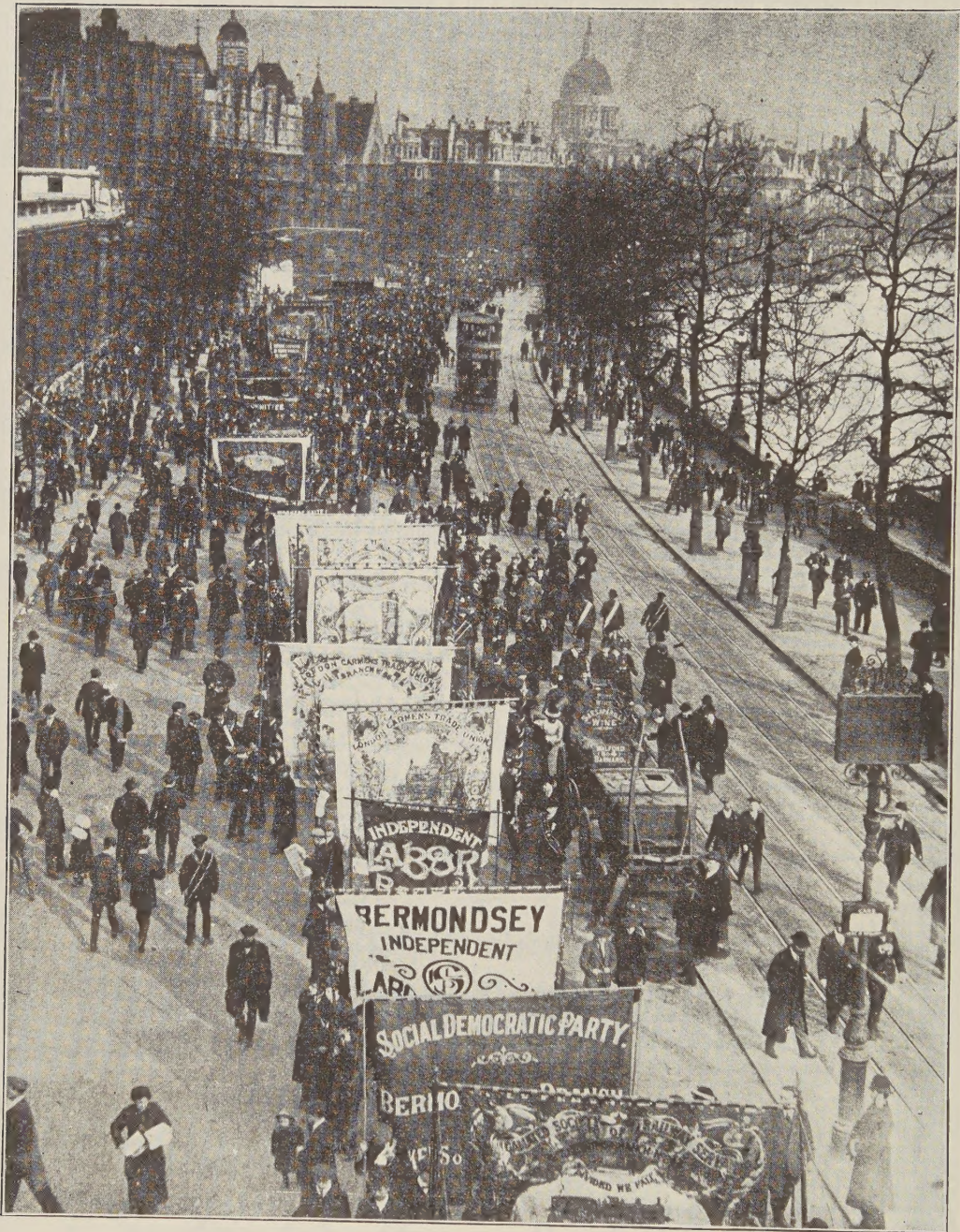


Photo by Paul Thompson, New York.

London Workers Welcoming the Nine Workers Who Were Deported From South Africa

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No. 11

Twenty-five Years of Eight-Hour Propaganda

By Hubert Langerock

I STILL remember it, as if it had occurred yesterday. It was in Paris, in 1889, during the closing hours of the International Congress. Delegates were anxious to get away. On the stage behind the chairman there was a dying man in an armchair. He was a pathetic figure. For years he had given the best of his brilliant intellect and simple proletarian life—enough to make him a saint of some religion, had he lived at the time when saints were made—to his party, and no one in that gathering appreciated more keenly the potentiality of the resolution about to be passed than the kind and grim fighter in the eventide of his well-filled career.

What was a swan song to him, was an introduction to action for a lot of youngsters, of whom I was one, who had come to see the World's Fair, and incidentally dropped in at the International Convention of that Socialism with which the teachings of Laveleye and the "Katheder-Socialisten," then at the zenith of their popularity in European universities, had given them a kind of book acquaintance.

There, in the confusion of the closing hours, hailed in a dozen tongues with shouts of joy and songs of hope, was born the international labor celebration with its specific purpose—the eight-hour day.

It was a wonderful tactical move, the prelude to the rebirth of the International, the prologue to the world-wide federation of the conscious proletariat on modern lines.

They decided that the first day of May should be a universal holiday. This was in itself a master stroke, the proclamation of a red Easter.

Easter, no more than Christmas, is Christian in its origin. The pagans celebrated it, not because they were pagans, but because they were men. For May day and Easter Sunday are the idealization of springtime, of the resurrection of nature, the time of the year when the rays of the sun become warm enough to tear the cloud-veils to shreds, pump the sap back up to the bursting ends of the twigs and make the blood of men course quicker in their veins. As far back as human history goes, this period of enhanced vitality has always been the signal of a deeper altruism within the class and a stronger impulse to fight outside the class.

If the choice of May day, with its garland of traditions in the folk lore and historical economic development of all nations was a master stroke of social psychology, the connection of the International Labor day with the specific reform of the reduction of the day's work to eight hours by economic pressure or legal statute was no less of a testimony of the degree to which this gathering synthesized the aspirations of the world's workers.

There were many precedents, helpful data gathered from every industrial country and given to the Congress in the reports of the various nationalities.

Australia was, for various local causes, the foremost eight-hour land in the world.

In 1881 the "New Unionism" was born in Great Britain. The London dockers had gone on strike, led by John Burns and Tom Mann. Trade unionism, staid and formal, was proving inefficient. A necessity for a new form of organization arose from the

ranks of the modern proletarians, the so-called but no longer unskilled, the men who have no specialized mechanical skill, but bring for sale upon the labor market a general faculty of adaptability to the processes of machine production. England's old trade unionism, in which Marx, during his lifetime, had placed such fond hopes, had degenerated into a self-centered craft aristocracy, bent upon securing for itself advantages within the economic system, politically neutral, but in practice shifting its allegiance from Whig to Tory and back from Tory to Whig, pursuing the illusory aim of playing both capitalistic factions against each other and only succeeding in being disappointed and fooled by the party in power and the opposition at the same time.

Capitalistic judges may at all times be relied upon to give a practical application of Richelieu's oft-quoted saying: "Give me four lines of a man's writing and I can hang him." It takes them less than four lines and sometimes four words to send a man to jail by weaving around his words a mass of legal jargon, which nobody understands, but which clouds the whole process of capitalistic revenge or repression with a haze of class-made legality, whose volume alone is enough to overawe the simple-minded.

When they turned the trick on John Burns, he replied by defining the "New Unionism" in court and flaunting in the face of judge and jury the intimate connection of this more aggressive unionism with class action and Socialism.

An echo of that British court room reached the Paris convention, while from across the Atlantic there came another revelation.

Since 1801, American wage workers had more or less consciously rebelled in spasmodic movements, asking now for shorter hours and then for higher pay, without differentiating the nature of their demands. Later, Ira Stewart and George E. MacNeill had launched their eight-hour propaganda and the A. F. of L. had adopted the purpose, method and spirit of Stewart and decided to strike for an eight-hour day, one trade at a time, the carpenters being chosen for the first skirmish in 1890.

The whole movement was typically American and, as such, it embodied a feature entirely individualistic in origin and cause and which the composing units of the American

labor movement have not been able to discard, even today. I would like to call it *simplism*. It is an inordinate liking for a simple, partly true, narrowly defined and unduly inflated specific often justified by superficial study or doubtful observation, elevated to the pompous dignity of a cure-all and launching out with uncommonly intensive intolerance to excommunicate all other remedies.

The state of mind of the social simplist expresses itself thus: I am anist, hurrah forism, the other fellow is a crook. Adapt this formula to eight-hourism, pure-and-simplism both political and economic and industrial unionism and you will have the warcries of the bitter struggles, wherein the working class of America has frittered away so much of its energy. This attitude of arrogant exclusiveness fails to notice the complexity of social phenomena, the multiple nature of the class struggle, the resulting necessity of using one of several simultaneous methods with temporary preference, according to time and place.

The trouble with most of us is that we do not realize the limitations of our social environment, that we are too self-conceited and self-satisfied and fancy ourselves social messiahs, when we are just poor individualists struggling on the brink of a social age.

Ira Stewart was the father of "simplism" in the American labor movement. He realized the advantages of a reduction of the hours of labor to eight and spilled the value of his own argument by proclaiming that the eight-hour day was a complete social program in itself. Such was the birth of eight-hourism and to help this short-lived gospel along Stewart backed it up with his "eight hour philosophy." The high sounding name did not prevent the philosophy from being intensely bourgeois in spirit and method, giving as the initial reason for the reform a vaguely theoretical necessity of raising the standard of living through the extended leisure granted all citizens and as a secondary motive the possibility of maintaining the amount of surplus value by increasing the productivity of the shortened labor time. The latter consideration confined "eight-hourism" entirely within the framework of the capitalistic system.

In the United States also, an official Labor Day had been appointed as a national holiday and had begun to be the occasion for

the conventional and characterless craft-union processions, parading through the streets from year to year the weakness of their caste-snobbery and the stupidity of their dormant and unused class power.

All these national features were the subjects of reports at the Paris Congress. They became a basis for discussion and brought what constructive value was hidden in them to the final synthesis elaborated by the congress: a yearly review of the conscious masses of labor in honor of the world-wide solidarity of the modern proletariat and in pursuance of an immediate demand for an eight-hour work day.

Why, of all possible immediate demands of the working class, was the eight-hour day chosen to be the special demand of labor's hosts on the from now on eventful May day?

It was not entirely on account of historical or national precedents but, because of all the demands which labor make *under capitalism*, a reduction of the hours of labor is the only one which is not susceptible of a capitalistic interpretation, the only one which unequivocally strikes at the root of the system. A reduction of the hours of labor embodies the experimental logic of facts and therefore it remains independent in its results from the words or formulas wherein it is expressed, it forces the most conservative craft-union man into an attitude which is revolutionary, whether he likes it or not.

No other demand of labor under capitalism is susceptible of the same interpretation, whether it be minimum-wage, or old-age pensions or unemployment benefits or feeding of school children or many more all such measures, unless backed up by a strong revolutionary feeling which makes them indisputable conquests of a forward-moving proletariat, become mere philanthropies of the bourgeois, surface measures of the master class. The bourgeois of today knows that he can recede from the orthodoxy of his old Manchesterianism without pecuniary loss, if he can prevent the birth of an efficient working class economic organization, which would cut the cost of his social emotionalism out of his profits.

Such was the reason for which eight hours became the specific demand of the marchers on May day.

I have always wondered, and today, after twenty-five years, more than ever, if the

dying leader in his armchair on the stage of the convention, genial optimist as he was, did really guess the success reached after this propaganda of a quarter of a century.

Ira Stewart wished to placate the capitalists by telling them that the same production could be crowded in 8 or 10 hours. It was not quite true in direct production and besides, there were indirect results which had a real influence on the labor market. It was never true for labor of attendance. Nevertheless such was the intensity of the demand of May day, that the largest employer of that class of labor had to come to terms and that employer is none other than the capitalistic state itself.

It behooves us then, workers of the present day, compelled by the fierceness of our struggle to search for efficiency in method and tactics to gather unto ourselves some of the sober judgment and sense of practical reality of the men who launched the eight-hour movement a quarter of a century ago, to remember their tolerance and strive to gain their scientific accuracy. The tangible results of a quarter century of eight-hour propaganda stand as their monument today.

Could we not, following in their footsteps, take out of every one of our pettyisms the modicum of truth hidden in them and solve our problems accordingly, organizing the vast army of the machine process hitherto unorganized upon industrial lines and uniting the craft groups in the industrial groups, in such a measure as the technical development of the mode of production makes necessary and above all penetrating all the economic organizations of labor with the constructively revolutionary frame of mind and capacity for action, which includes the ballotbox and reaches far beyond, if necessary. This would only be an up-to-date version of the vision of the men who inaugurated labor's May day, one of whom gave us a surmise of our mission in these words:

Ours is the future,
Conscious, we raise our heads,
Under our rhythmic tread the world is shaking,
When over our ranks flutters in the morning breeze
The glorious thrill of our scarlet banners!



"LAW AND ORDER" BEING ADMINISTERED TO UNEMPLOYED IN SACRAMENTO. DRUNKEN SHERIFFS ARMED

How the Capitalists Solve the

DURING the latter part of March two thousand unemployed men went to Sacramento, asking for a right to live. The Southern Pacific, with the consent of the city authorities, located them upon their sand lot and then every highbrow and rich man in Sacramento and public politician set to work to find a "solution of the problem." Each day a new set of plans was exploited in the newspapers. All agreed that "something must be done."

For a day or two the city fed these hungry men and women. Then it resolved to starve them, all the time keeping a cordon of police surrounding them. Then about forty, who were called "dangerous" probably because they criticized a system of society that permitted men and women to starve in idleness when they begged for work, were arrested. The charge against the men sent to jail was "vagrancy."

Then the "wisest" lawyers were consulted and it was found impractical to arrest any more. Finally, by common consent of the Powers That Be it was decided that Five

Wise Men of the City (wise and RICH men) should go into a secret session and "solve the problem."

Finally, these Five Wise (?) Men and the Southern Pacific Company's chief detective put their wisdom together and when they adjourned they announced that they had "solved the problem of the unemployed in Sacramento."

They decreed that the hungry army must MOVE, and the city, county and state were to do the job. They ordered the City Commission to bring out its police and the sheriff to bring out his thugs and the governor to bring out his men trained in the art of MURDER.

Accordingly, the police came out in full force. The sheriff combed the slums for sluggers and decorated them with stars and bludgeons and the governor had in readiness his trained cut-throats anxious to spill the blood of the desperate "vagrants."

With the Progressive (?) governor's soldiers in the background, armed to the teeth, the sheriff gave the order to his men.

"Get the hell with you!" he cried. And



WITH PICK HANDLES AND GUNS ASSAULTED DEFENSELESS MEN. BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, ETC.

Problem of the Unemployed

he proceeded to make hell for the starving. It was the devil presiding. Even the imps of the evil one hesitated to beat innocent men, so the most vicious in the evil band of brutes were given charge of the fire hose. They gleefully turned a fierce stream on them.

When the minutes passed and some of the men lay prone on the ground, having been knocked down by the pressure of the hose, the Evil One and his imps fell to with a devilish will and laid their picks and clubs right heartily over the heads of the unconscious men.

Before the greatest aggregation of official anarchists that Sacramento has ever seen, the dispossessed, out-of-work, hungry workers were driven from the city. Their heads and worn garments were covered with blood and the police followed them up with jeers and hoots, while the loyal Hungry Band delayed to carry their injured comrades to a place of safety. It is reported that three men were killed.

This is the way the *Progressive* governor of California solves the problem of those

who cannot get work. This is the way the Republican officials reply to the cry of Hunger. Capt. Kelley, leader of the "Army of Unemployed," was sentenced to serve six months in the county jail.

In New York, where a Reform Administration promised to do great things for the working class, Frank Tannebaum, a member of the I. W. W., who was out of work and led a crowd of 200 unemployed men to ask aid of the Catholic church, has just been sentenced to a fine of \$500 and a year's imprisonment—this in spite of the sworn testimony of a dozen newspaper reporters who have written us that there was no disorder in the church.

When Helen Keller, who was billed to lecture in Sacramento, heard of the barbarous ill-treatment of the Unemployed, she declared that she would speak in their behalf from the platform. The authorities sent word that if she dared to do this, she would be hauled down and carried from the city in a cart.

As a result Helen Keller devoted a good portion of her lecture to a discussion of the

Unemployed and the Socialists, who are the only people who can really solve the problem of unemployment. "I hope they will arrest me," she said. But they didn't. The story of such an outrage would kindle a flame of anger in too many breasts. Helen Keller would have too many defenders. The cowards of Sacramento are only brave when they have guns, numbers, public officials and the public press on their side.

* * * * *

A Little Sequel to the Tale

The Rich Men and the Wise (?) Men and the Public Officials thought they had gained a great victory over the starving multitude in Sacramento when they drove them from the city. But there is a little sequel to the story.

The Unemployed Army put over a huge joke on Sacramento. The whole country is laughing, the police are dumbfounded and the district attorneys are working overtime to find a way to recover their prestige and power. In the meantime several hundred Unemployed are hanging out their socks and shirts on the limbs of trees in one and one-half acres of ground "all their own" in the most exclusive circle of Oakridge acres, outside the limits of the city, where millionaires live.

As the men were all penniless, somebody must have proved a friend in need, for they hold the contract for the ground and swarmed there like ants a day or two after the sheriff's famous *coup*.

All their neighbors, including famous old-never-did-any-work-families of the *élite*, watched the army march into the exclusive

district with arms full of blankets packed with pots and pans.

Then came wagons of tents and cooking utensils and piles of wood. When the army started to spread these, the rich awoke to fume and cuss, and call up the sheriff, district attorneys, the police, etc.

A particularly shining social light, through whose real-estate company the lot was sold to the army, was the first to call for the police.

"The army is here on my ground, and when I ordered them to move off, they told me to go to hell."

Now, Mr. Brooks is a very great man in Sacramento, or rather Mr. Brooks WAS a very great man, and Sheriff Ahrens flew to the scene with four deputies.

"We don't have to get off!" yelled the army. "This is our lot!" And they produced the perfectly legal contract.

Sheriff Ahren started back to his office, but was taken ill with heart trouble on the way. He was conveyed to his home in a taxicab and immediately ordered to bed by his attending physician.

* * * * *

Nobody seems to know who bought the land for the Unemployed in Sacramento. Anyway, nobody is going to TELL. Some people say the land is to be held perpetually for men or women who can't secure work in Sacramento. Others add that this may reduce the value of the real estate in the exclusive residence district.

Some stories in real life do have a happy ending after all.

The modern laborer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident, that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an over-riding law. It is unfit to rule, because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within its slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him, instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under this bourgeoisie, in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society.—From the Communist Manifesto.



THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

(From Life)

In the dreams of your downy couches, through the shades of your pampered sleep,

Give ear; you can hear it coming, the tide that is steady and deep—
Give ear, for the sound is growing, from desert and dungeon and den:
The tramp of the marching millions, the March of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean-limbed Spartans at Locris' last ascent,
As William's Norman legions through the Sussex meadows went,
As Wolfe assailed the mountain, as Sherman led the way
From Fulton to Savannah; as they, and more than they;

So comes another army your wit cannot compute;
The man-at-arms self-fashioned, the man you made the brute,
From farm and sweatshop gathered, from factory, mine and mill,
With lever and shears and auger, dibble drift and drill.

They bear not sword or rifle, yet their ladders are on your walls,
Though the hauberk is turned to a jumper, the jambeaux to overalls;
They come from the locomotive, the cab and the cobbler's bench;
They are armed with the pick and the jack-plane, the sledge and the axe and
the wrench.

And some come empty-handed, with fingers gnarled and strong,
And some come dumb with sorrow, and some sway drunk with song,
But all that you thought were buried are stirring and lithe and quick,
And they carry a brass-bound sceptre: the brass composing-stick.

Through the depths of the devil's darkness, with the distant stars for light,
They are coming the while you slumber, and they come with the might of
Right.

On a morrow—perhaps tomorrow—you will waken and see, and then
You will hand the keys of the cities to the ranks of the Hungry Men.

MAY DAY, 1914

By Frank Bohn

MAY Day, in primitive England, was the festival in honor of life itself. Among all healthy barbarous peoples this spring event was the most joyous and most significant of all the celebrations of the year.

To all revolutionary workers May Day is a time of realized unity of spirit and purpose. It is a day for tremendous enthusiasms, for mighty hopes. Those workers who on that day are so fortunate as to be permitted to go out-of-doors for their festivities, among the trees and flowers and to feel in their own bodies and minds the sap of a new life, will not fail to find the greatest of all human joys in this age—the sense of fellowship with others in a great cause.

Greater unity—that must be the desire of all on May Day, 1914. Comrade Lapworth, late editor of the London Daily Herald, upon being asked what was the greatest service which that most successful of labor dailies had performed, replied: “The Herald has got the Laborites and the Social-Democrats so far along that they now actually talk with one another.”

The Socialists of England and America, above all, need a completer realization of the spirit of May Day, that ancient day of pure joy. We need optimism. Whimperings and sneering must give way to laughter and confident love. Let this day of sacred aspiration not be desecrated by any hatreds except hatred of slavery and poverty. Let not even the shadow of any lesser difference becloud that sun which shines for all—our never setting revolutionary hope. For beneath every difference of minds there is unity of hearts. Life is not a logical process. The leaves of grass do not grow and children are not born from willing. So the revolution comes as the tides come and

as the dawn comes upon lands which were dark. The revolution creates the mind it needs. But its first force as a social movement is thrown upon the hearts of men. If the emotions are not profoundly affected all the learning of the world is but silly stuff. A thousand *feel* their way to the eminence where a dozen have led through the power of knowledge. A precise science may pioneer, but the mass awaits the drum-beat of emotion.

Now it is the supreme purpose of May Day to give occasion for the expression of revolutionary passion. Let all who desire freedom come into the open and renew their idealism and declare their faith in nature and in themselves, a part of the life of nature.

THE MAY DAY OF OLD.

In the Scottish Highlands “all the youths of a township or village met on the nearest moor. They cut a round table or altar in the green sod, and in the trench thus formed about the altar the whole company stationed themselves. Here they kindled a fire and dressed a repast of eggs or milk, of the consistency of a custard. At the same time they kneaded a cake of oatmeal, which they baked on the embers. After the custard was eaten they divided the cake into as many portions as there were persons in the company.” This was followed by rites which had their origin in the ceremonies of the Druids. (From William S. Walsh, “Curiosities or Popular Customs.”)

In Southern England May Day was a remnant of Roman paganism. It was a flower festival. In many American country districts these customs are in part preserved by the children. For instance, that of hanging May baskets at the doors of friends in the evening. But the custom of planting the May pole was completely uprooted by

the scourge of Puritanism. The Puritan writer Stubbes (in his "Anatomy of Abuses," 1583), called the Maypole a "stinking idol." "The people," he said, "leap and dance about it as the heathen did at the dedication of their idols."

May poles were forbidden by the Puritan parliament in 1644. "In New England, as in old, the Puritans attacked the May pole. In 1630 Governor Endicott of Massachusetts marched a posse to Merrymount, where the profligate Morton had established a Maypole, hewed down the pole in God's name and solemnly dubbed the place Mount Dagon, in memory of the Philistine idol that fell before the ark of the Lord." (Walsh, "Curiosities or Popular Customs.")

The Puritan shop-keeping capitalists hated May Day and abolished it, along with nearly forty other holidays, because the people used the day for play instead of for work. For that holy horror, the Puritan parson, one day a week, the day of gloom and misery, was enough to rest the body for its week of slavery or profit-grubbing. There is something especially fitting in the fact that it is the working class, whose ultimate purpose in life is to have a good time, is reviving May Day and making of it the most significant working class event of the year.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY

International Labor Day developed first in America. Begun by the Knights of Labor, it was used by them to propagate the eight-hour day. The International Socialist Movement accepted it and continued it after it had been forgotten by the rank and file of the American working class. It is now entirely a Socialist affair, so far as America is concerned.

Let us make of it a true working class festival. The old and the new May Day can be blended with a perfect result. All barbarous peoples of the north hated the winter because it meant danger from starvation. Spring meant warmth to those who lived in wind-racked huts. Spring brought food for cattle and thus for people also. It gave promise of harvest. So the joy in the heart of our barbarian ancestors sprang from very material facts. May Day, remotely connected with phallic worship, was a celebration of life itself. To the workers today the spring has much the same message.

MAY DAY, 1914.

During the year we have lost our great battles at Paterson and Calumet. We have been crushed most brutally in Colorado and in the California hop fields. Old Mother Jones will spend May Day in an underground cell. No great political victories have come to give us cause for exultation. And yet—

The *fight* in Paterson—

The *fight* in Calumet—

The *fight* in Colorado—

The *fight* in Wheatland—

Each was a glorious victory. The working class in mines, in mills and in the fields of California proved itself to be heroic amid defeat. How can such conflicts ever be lost? How great is our pride in our comrades! May Day, 1914, brings with it a clearer understanding of the class struggle. The whole working class is ready for revolutionary action when properly organized for battle on the industrial field. The call to industrial conflict wipes out the fading lines of dissension.

In Paterson and Calumet, Colorado and Wheatland there have been no Catholics, no Protestants and no Jews. For the first time in two thousand years women have taken their places with men in actual physical conflict, shed their blood in wild riots and languished with their brothers in jail. Starving poverty is sexless and has no banner but a slice of bread. It creates the greatest and widest democracy of the earth. These great struggles have given utterance to much more than the cries of the despairing. Each has been grounded upon class knowledge and inspired by a far flung hope.

Both knowledge and hope were the gift of the International Socialist Movement. The workers of Paterson and West Virginia, Colorado and Wheatland were organized by Socialists. But for the inspiration of Socialism Mother Jones would be in her grave instead of in the Colorado fight.

On May Day, 1914, let us do honor to those who have died from the bullets and bayonets of the oppressor. Let us remember to visit those who are in jail for us. And let us, above all, celebrate the glorious fact that the Socialist Movement has at last aroused the lowest stratum of the workers and made of them the vanguard on both the industrial and political battlefields of labor.



OSAKA, THE CAPITAL OF CAPITALISM IN JAPAN.

Within Three Miles of This Picture, Taken in the Center of the City, There Are 7,000 Modern Factories, Employing 250,000 Men, Women and Children.

Osaka, Japan's Price for Capitalism

By G. L. HARDING

OSAKA is a city of 1,270,000 population—a little smaller than Philadelphia, or one and one-half times as large as Glasgow. It is the fourteenth largest city in the world and the largest manufacturing center between America and Western Europe. The population of Philadelphia is spread over an area of 129 square miles, but that of Osaka, which has no sky scrapers and no tall tenements, occupies just twenty-five square miles.

Osaka is the Chicago of the East. Its mercantile district, stretching for three miles along the narrow Yodogawa river, is a forest of belching chimneys which have smutted off the bloom of one of the fairest and loveliest cities of Japan in a single generation. Forty years ago Osaka, always the economic as well as the geographical center of the Japanese empire, was a busy hive of craft industry, but with no modern machinery and an abhorrence of foreign

methods inherited from its foundation 2,500 years ago. Today in the cotton industry alone Osaka has two million spindles, half as many as Manchester itself, the greatest manufacturing city in the world.

There are over 7,000 registered factories in Osaka. There are, beside a score of cotton mills, plants for the manufacture of boots and shoes, brushes, celluloid, carpets, trolley wire, cement, aerated water, toys and gas engines. There are tanneries, grain warehouses and chemical works. There are the great car shops where the rolling stock of the Osaka street car system is made and repaired, manufactories of safes, sporting goods, artificial flowers and lager beer, and ship yards and dock and harbor works, the most elaborate in the Far East.

In this city and its immediate surroundings a quarter of a million working people live the life of the new industrialism in Japan. It happens that travelers from Europe and America frequently pass through

here. That is merely because Osaka is on the main line between Kobe and Yokohama. There is nothing to *see* in Osaka. At Kyoto, twenty-seven miles away, the incredible temples and feudal glories of old Japan attract multitudes. The serenity of Kyoto bathes you in the mild, opiate charm of the "unchanging East." The delicate airs of the Geisha girls, the bronzed, sturdy picturesqueness of the temple attendants, the courtly politeness of the tourist-preying shopkeepers all court the inevitable saying of the foreigner in Japan: "Why, these Japanese merely play at life."

But beyond Kyoto's cherry-blossomed horizon is Osaka, vast, dingy and commonplace, where the "unchanging East" has reproduced Western industrialism in the space of one generation. The religion and the aesthetic ideals of a nation are unforgettably enshrined in Kyoto, as all the world knows. But he whose heart stirs with the present will find his temples in Osaka. At Kyoto the silence is of the dead; but the temples of Osaka hum with living devotees. Here, as nowhere else in Japan, is worshiped the power of modern capitalism. Here, in Osaka, rises ceaselessly the economic tide of the most industrious nation on earth, the tide of economic supremacy which the Japanese plan shall sweep ultimately over all Asia—and shall it stop then? The illimitable future of Japan rests here. Osaka is its capital in the present, and its perfect symbol for the future.

The center of Osaka's industrial power is the textile industry, and it was among the cotton mills, therefore, that I studied that power. The Chamber of Commerce makes this easy for even a moderately accredited traveler, and my appointment to visit the mill, my introductions to the manager and my many inquiries were seen to and "managed" most courteously by one of their efficient representatives. He was very naïve, and he answered promptly everything I asked him—and his statistics compared almost exactly with those furnished me later on in Tokyo by the Socialists. He was of the system, but he had bureaucracy's lying methods yet to learn.

He took me first to a great spinning mill on the outskirts of the city, and from the rooms where great machines clawed to pieces the bales of raw cotton straight through to the final process of pressing the spun yarn and packing it for export, we followed every

fascinating detail of the amazingly ingenious machines with which Anglo-Saxon brains have revolutionized the history of the world. Almost without exception the overhead machinery, the engine machinery and the endless rows of ring spindles came from Bolton or Oldham, England.

Throughout this mill there are 2,200 women workers, and their wages, as given me by the manager, range all the way from 8 cents to 30 cents a day, striking a general average for the few workers who live at home at just 20 cents a day, and for the majority who "live in" at 15 cents a day. They have a holiday twice a month, not so much to give them a rest as to afford the manager a chance to change the night shift. Six to six are the unvarying hours where there are two shifts. Where there is only one, as in dozens of the smaller factories here, the hours run from fourteen to sixteen, allowing an average of nine hours, as the manager smilingly informed me, "for rest and recreation."

The women themselves would have given your Kyoto traveler the acid test of how the Japanese people of today really "play at living." Where the Chinese workers have all they can do to handle a thousand spindles between fifteen of them, in the mills I visited in Osaka five girls had this stint against the average of a little less than three in Lancashire itself. Whatever the average, speeding-up was written across every wan face here and sunk deep into every pair of preoccupied, incurious eyes. I stood a long time in Shanghai watching the mad race of the winding girls to keep one set of spools full and another empty, requiring fifty or sixty changes a minute. In Osaka there was no such contest; the machines there hopelessly outdistanced the human brain. The girls were always behind the machine, whenever and wherever I saw them. In the winding room the rack was full of unwound spools, and the girls picked them out here and there with lack-luster eyes and replaced them with full bobbins from a pile in the next rack which also was always ahead of them.

In the spindle room whole rows of bobbins were running full of thread. Here, too, it was not only the spinners who were not up to time. Little black-eyed tots staggered along the aisles with great trays full of empty bobbins with which to feed the hungry machines. They seemed to be the

busiest of all, these bits of children. I counted scores of them everywhere. Some rooms, where the operations were simpler, employed only children, boys and girls indiscriminately of between eight and ten. I shall never forget one room where I stayed a long time and where extremely complicated machines prepared the thread for weaving. Through a series of steel frames along the wall these children picked out the threads with a triangular instrument which caught them in a slot; then they were jammed down with a crash. Fifty frames crashed steadily along, setting the pace, but for all of this merciless treadmill the room was full of shrill little voices, and fresh laughter which rose above the machinery. Through the doors and down the corridor you could still hear these little voices, like blessed souls rising by virtue of their innocence above the inferno of their life.

Let me take refuge for a moment in statistics. Dr. Kuwado, a member of the Japanese Senate, sets the number of child workers in Japan (under 14 years of age) at over 100,000, over 70,000 of whom are little girls who receive on an average 8 cents a day. For this they serve on night shifts or work fourteen to sixteen hours with the rest and get two days off each month just the same as adult workers. Two hundred and fifty thousand more are between 14 and 20, and in all the 700,000 odd women factory workers comprise fully three-quarters of Japan's factory population. There are no laws for their protection, none whatsoever, and in some trades the manufacturers practice as the common way of business, excesses never equaled in the world's economic history—save in the country where the riches of the cotton trade were first manifested to the world. In some industries, notably that of match making, the number of little girls *under ten* run as high as 20 per cent, and government statistics themselves admit the total of these wretched babies among the greater industries to be nearly 10 per cent of the whole industrial army.

I visited four separate weaving sheds in Osaka and found in each one conditions measurably worse even than in China, but out of the multitude of things I observed with my own eyes, and verified afterwards by inquiry and statistics, I have only room to tell a few here. I held my watch and

found the shuttle flying in each case between 180 and 200 trips a minute, or more than three per second. Here, as in the spinning rooms, the young, country-bred girls could not keep the pace. Accidents were frequent. A little girl I watched in the biggest mill broke her thread eight times during the five minutes I stood there, and each time she kissed the lint-covered shuttle in the approved Western fashion and sucked the snapped thread through again. Self-closing doors and a temperature of 80 and 85 made the rooms stifflingly close. The total ventilation came from a small hole in the dusty skylight, and the gas and electric lights were invariably much too dim for the work. Even had the devil-driven pace relaxed, the deafening shuttles made all human contact impossible.

Here, day in and day out, thousands of women and little children in Osaka spend their whole lives. In Japan it is no exaggeration to say that these helpless people are, in the full and literal sense of the term, wage slaves. Out of the 400,000 women textile workers in Japan it is estimated that over three-quarters of them are brought from the country districts. The people in the cities know the mills and shun them for their lives. In Japan there is what might quite fairly be called a cadet system on a large scale for recruiting labor for the factories. Smooth-tongued agents, skillful with women, sign up the daughters of the peasants from one end of Japan to another—and once signed for, no physical power can give the girl her freedom till her time has been served. They sign for three years, and for three years they are literally "locked in" at the factory. If they wish to go out for any purpose whatever beyond the factory gates, an armed watchman goes with them and sees that they come back. If they escape, the master has every arm of the law at his disposal, just as did the owners of negro slaves. He metes out his own punishment; the girl is virtually, by reason of her indenture, *his property*. Naturally, she is as often his property for pleasure as for pain—and for neither has she nor her people the slightest redress.

Girls do escape, however, and it is eloquent of the system in general that although many fail, twenty-five out of a hundred indentured girls do succeed in escaping from the factories. And what wonder! In the sickening, steamy atmosphere of the mills,



AN HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PICTURE OF DENJIRO KOTOKU, TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH, JANUARY 27, 1911.

Nimera and Miss Kanno Were Martyred with Kotoku, the Other Three Are Still Active Leaders in the Little Socialist Movement.

From Left to Right, Back Row—Take Fukuda, Denjiro Kotoku, Tadow Nimera.
Front Row—Susumu Mimosi, Suga Kanno, Genjiro Muraki.

the girls lose, according to a government report, as much as one and one-half pounds a week in weight. Their fresh country faces lose their ruddy color and take on the ominous flush pink of the consumptive. Stilted official reports confess that out of those who leave the factory after their three years, at least 30 per cent are already consumptive. What of those who stay on, year after year? I saw their beds in several mills, and all I had ever heard was as nothing beside the living proof. Sometimes a single quilt covers three; and the quilt cannot be washed, for three more use it at the next shift.

You take off your shoes to go into these dormitories, as in any other Japanese dwelling. Sometimes there is a garden in the back, with the single-stemmed flowers in rows which the Japanese love. The nicer dwellings are clean. But the average ones are squalid barracks, a vile travesty on everything Japanese. Prostitution is by no means unknown among them. If not actually brothels, every one of them is inevitably an active recruiting house. At the "model" dormitory of the Temma mill, the biggest in Osaka, I asked my guide the meaning of a little shop just outside the

front door. "Oh," he said, "the girls buy all their things there." He admitted when the manager had gone that behind the tasteful showcases of feminine necessities and gay little knick-knacks lurked the insidious extortion of the "truck" system in all its Western thoroughness. Liberal use of the charge account, and a scale of exorbitant prices usually are sufficient to keep the scanty wage money of the unsuspecting girls permanently in the hands of the company. The reason why most of the girls do not return home is simply because they haven't any money to get there. They have been wage slaves for three years—except for the wage part.

In this emergency there is but one resource, and in Osaka it is an obvious one. In this city there are over 1,900 licensed houses of prostitution—more than there are licensed saloons in Philadelphia. There are over 50,000 licensed immoral women in Osaka, and almost as many again who avoid the official count and carry on their trade intermittently, such as the more complaisant type of Geisha and the green country girls who make up the sweated labor in thousands of shops and stores. In other words, there is one immoral woman in Osaka to

every nineteen seducible men. This trade is no mere temptation in Japan; it is the simple, unavoidable necessity of brute convention for every stray woman in the land. And under capitalism the pitiful sweepings of womanhood from the factories cause commercialized vice to grow year by year like a rank weed.

This is but one small chapter in the industrial present of Osaka. It is but one chapter in the conspiracy of a nation against her people. In Osaka rebellion lurks always beneath the surface. The people are silent and inert outwardly. But the mob in Tokyo has proved itself as dangerous on occasion as the mobs of Paris. They have only the other day thrown out a corrupt ministry by the sheer force of public censure. The center of the discontent is a rottenness not in mere politics, but in the industrialism which merely plays with politics in Japan. Japanese constitutional liberty is a sham because Japanese economic freedom is a sham. So Kotoku perceived, and the movement he dreamed of would have united the workers in solid trade unions, not

the reformers in plausible political parties. That is what the martyrs of 1911 died for; to them the emperor was an abject and sententious jest, precisely as the king is in England today.

The soul of the people of Japan is deep. It knows of the ruthless killing off of the trade union and Socialist movements only instinctively in that it knows that the death of these things has left it defenseless against its oppressors. Every contact with the West confirms this knowledge, and every breath of the larger freedom which comes from China clarifies the inward vision in which its victims regard the shambles of Osaka. Osaka is the witness before the world of the price the Japanese people are paying for Westernization. And the people who pay this price with the flesh of their own children, though they be asleep today, must awake in a near tomorrow. They must awake to strength, before their race is swept away in the holocaust of greed which has come to them with the Christian capitalism of the West.

MY RED PENNANT

By Clara R. Cushman

COMRADES, have we built better than we knew? Let me tell you about it. I have been a comrade only a short time and the other day one of my friends gave me a Socialist pennant. I was delighted with it, as I had never seen one before. So I brought it home and tacked it right up in my room.

Now, I am rather a lonely comrade, because there isn't a single member of my family, except myself, who is a Socialist. So I didn't expect my banner to be admired and was prepared for derogatory remarks. Instead of that, when He came home He said something that has made me see visions ever since. He said: "Humph! It looks like an old red flannel shirt."

An old red flannel shirt! I stood in front of that pennant and looked and looked. An old red flannel shirt! Don't you know that old red flannel shirt that you used to see on so many men digging ditches, laying railroad ties, working with pick and shovel to make the world more livable, and breaking their hearts and bodies in the doing of it? You don't see it so much any more—that red flannel shirt. I don't know why, unless the wearers have now to wear something with less wool in it. But we all remember it.

So you see, in choosing a pennant that anybody can say looks like an old red flannel shirt, we have chosen either with profound wisdom or with exceedingly good luck. Now, look at the emblem on the pennant. Those two clasped hands are sinewy. Each might show an expanse of white cuff held with a gold link. But it doesn't. It shows a laborer's shirt sleeve. It is all sublimely fitting. It is sublimely fitting that my emblem should show toilers' hands, and it is sublimely fitting that my pennant should look like an old red flannel shirt.

Keep your place on my wall, red pennant, for I see visions every time I look at you.

The Army of the Revolution

By Jack London

THESE are 10,000,000 comrades in an organized, international, world-wide revolutionary movement. Here is a tremendous human force. It must be reckoned with. Here is power. And here is romance—romance so colossal as to be quite beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. These revolutionists are swayed by a great passion. They have a keen sense of personal right, much of reverence for humanity, but little reverence, if any at all, for the rule of the dead. They refuse to be ruled by the dead.

To the bourgeois mind, their unbelief in the dominant conventions of the established order is startling. They laugh to scorn the sweet ideals and dear moralities of bourgeois society. They intend to destroy bourgeois society with most of its sweet ideals and dear moralities, and chiefest among these are those that group themselves under such heads as private ownership of capital, survival of the fittest, and patriotism—even patriotism.

Such an army of revolution, 10,000,000 strong, is a thing to make rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. The cry of this army is: "No quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you, and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands."

Well may rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. This is revolution. And, further, these 10,000,000 men are not an army on paper. Their fighting strength in the field is 10,000,000. Today they cast 10,000,000 votes in the civilized countries of the world.

Yesterday they were not so strong. Tomorrow they will be still stronger. And

they are fighters. They love peace. They are unafraid of war. They intend nothing less than to destroy existing society and to take possession of the whole world. If the law of the land permits, they fight for this end peaceably, at the ballot box. If the law of the land does not permit their peaceable destruction of society, and if they have force meted out to them, they resort to force themselves. They meet violence with violence.

The time has come for the revolution to demand consideration. It has fastened upon every civilized country in the world. As fast as a country becomes civilized, the revolution fastens upon it. With the introduction of the machine into China, Socialism was introduced. Socialism marched into the Philippines shoulder to shoulder with the American soldiers. The echoes of the last gun had scarcely died away when Socialist locals were forming in Cuba and Porto Rico.

One thing must be clearly understood. This is no spontaneous and vague uprising of a large mass of discontented and miserable people—a blind and instinctive recoil from hurt. On the contrary, the propaganda is intellectual, the movement is based upon economic necessity and is in line with social evolution; while the miserable people have not yet revolted. The revolutionist is no starved and diseased slave in the shambles at the bottom of the social pit, but is, in the main, a hearty, well-fed working man, who sees the shambles waiting for him and his children and declines to descend. The very miserable people are too helpless to help themselves. But they are being helped, and the day is not far distant when their numbers will go to swell the ranks of the revolutionists.

Another thing must be clearly understood. In spite of the fact that middle-class men and professional men are interested in the movement, it is nevertheless a distinctly working-class revolt. The world over, it is a working-class revolt. The workers of the world, as a class, are fighting the capitalists of the world, as a class.

The capitalist class has managed society, and its management has failed. And not only has it failed in its management, but it has failed deplorably, ignobly, horribly. The capitalist class had an opportunity such as was vouchsafed no previous ruling class in the history of the world. It broke away from the rule of the old feudal aristocracy and modern society. It mastered matter, organized the machinery of life, and made possible a wonderful era for mankind, wherein no creature should cry aloud because it had not enough to eat, and wherein for every child there would be opportunity for education, for intellectual and spiritual uplift. Matter being mastered, and the machinery of life organized, all this was possible. Here was the chance, God-given, and the capitalist class failed. It was blind and greedy. It prattled sweet ideals and dear moralities, rubbed its eyes not once, nor ceased one whit in its greediness, and smashed down in a failure as tremendous only as was the opportunity it had ignored.

But all this is like so much cobwebs to the bourgeois mind. As it was blind in the past, it is blind now and can not see nor understand.

The caveman, with his natural efficiency of 1, got enough to eat most of the time, and no caveman ever went hungry all the time. Also, he lived a healthy, open-air life, loafed and rested himself, and found plenty of time in which to exercise his imagination and invent gods. That is to say, he did not have to work all his waking moments in order to get enough to eat. The child of the caveman (and this is true of all the children of all savage peoples) had a childhood, and by that is meant a happy childhood of play and development.

Unlike the caveman, modern man cannot get food and shelter by working for it. Modern man has first to find the work, and in this he is often unsuccessful. The misery becomes acute. This acute misery is chronic daily in the newspapers.

So fares modern man and the child of modern man in the United States, most prosperous and enlightened of all countries on earth.

Not since the day of the caveman has man's efficiency for food-getting and shelter-getting diminished. It has increased a thousand fold. Since the day of the caveman, matter has been mastered. The secrets of matter have been discovered. Its laws have

been formulated. Wonderful artifices have been made, and marvelous inventions, all tending to increase tremendously man's natural efficiency of 1 in every food-getting, shelter-getting exertion, in farming, mining, manufacturing, transportation, and communication.

From the caveman to the hand workers of three generations ago, the increase in efficiency for food and shelter-getting has been very great. But in this day, by machinery, the efficiency of the hand worker of three generations ago has in turn been increased many times.

Man's efficiency for food and shelter-getting being increased a thousandfold over the efficiency of the caveman, then why is it that millions of modern men live more miserably than lived the caveman? This is the question the revolutionist asks, and he asks it of the managing class, the capitalist class. The capitalist class does not answer it. The capitalist class cannot answer it.

If modern man's food and shelter-getting efficiency is a thousandfold greater than that of the caveman, why, then, are there 10,000,000 people in the United States today who are not properly sheltered and properly fed? If the child of the caveman did not have to work, why, then, today, in the United States, are 80,000 children working out their lives in the textile factories alone? If the child of the caveman did not have to work, why, then, today, in the United States, are there 1,752,187 child laborers?

It is a true count in the indictment. The capitalist class has mismanaged, is today mismanaging.

With the natural resources of the world, the machinery already invented, a rational organization of production and distribution, and an equally rational elimination of waste, the able-bodied workers would not have to labor more than two or three hours per day to feed everybody, clothe everybody, house everybody, educate everybody, and give a fair measure of little luxuries to everybody. There would be no more material want and wretchedness, no more children toiling out their lives, no more men and women and babes living like beasts and dying like beasts. Not only would matter be mastered, but the machine would be mastered.

This was the opportunity vouchsafed the capitalist class. Less blindness on its part,

less greediness and a rational management were all that was necessary. A wonderful era was possible for the human race. But the capitalist class failed to take advantage of this opportunity.

The revolution is a revolution of the working class. How can the capitalist class, in the minority, stem this tide of revolution? What has it to offer? What does it offer? Employers' associations, injunctions, civil suits for plundering of the treasuries of the labor unions, clamor and combination for the open shop, bitter and shameless opposition to the eight-hour day, strong efforts to defeat all reform child-labor bills, graft in every municipal council, strong lobbies and bribery in every legislature for the purchase of capitalist legislation, bayonets, machine guns, policemen's clubs, professional strike breakers, and armed Pinkertons—these are the things the capitalist class is dumping in front of the tide of revolu-

tion, as though, forsooth, to hold it back.

No overthrown ruler or class in the past ever considered the revolution that overthrew it, and so with the capitalist class of today. Instead of compromising, instead of lengthening its lease of life by conciliation and by removal of some of the harsher oppressions of the working class, it antagonizes the working class, drives the working class into revolution.

The revolution is a fact. It is here now. Ten million revolutionists, organized, working day and night, are preaching the revolution—that passionate gospel, the Brotherhood of Man. The capitalist class has been indicted. It has failed in its management and its management is to be taken away from it. Ten million men of the working class say that they are going to get the rest of the working class to join with them and take the management away. The revolution is here now. Stop it who can.

Constantin Meunier, Sculptor of Labor

By Phillips Russell



THE MINE.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of Constantin Meunier, sculptor and painter of workingmen and women, recently was held in the Avery Li-

brary of Columbia University, New York. Great crowds attended. This fact is not without significance. Thanks to widespread and continuous agitation, to great and revo-

lutionary strikes, the world is becoming acutely aware of the workingman just now and wishes to know more about the animal. Any one who can explain the creature and make him plain to the middle and upper class public is sure of a hearing.

Meunier died in 1905, but America discovered him only last month. Ten years ago these sculptors would have been ignored except by art critics and chronic gallery visitors. Now they are the rage. How much of this interest is due to Lawrence and Paterson, to West Virginia and Trinidad, to Calumet and Little Falls, can only be surmised.

I am no art critic. Hence my views on the subject of Meunier may be of interest. I heard the exhibition spoken of rapturously. But I felt a little disappointed. The sadness, the grimness of labor were there, but Meunier's workingmen are too clean-limbed and athletic, too vigorous, too well-poised.

If I were a sculptor or a painter and wished to depict a workingman, I would not select for my subject a burly iceman or a husky longshoreman who stands out among his fellows because of his unusual physique. I should select an east side sweatshop worker, shuffling toward his child-crowded tenement at 6:15 p. m., pausing occasionally to discharge his tubercular sputum into the gutter, his skin pale and corpselike, blue from lack of red-blooded

food, on his head a ridiculously low-crowned derby pulled down over his ears, in his eyes the misery of years. He isn't beautiful, but he is labor.

Perhaps this criticism isn't fair to Meunier. He was born in 1831 and his observant years were passed in an era when the hand tool still prevailed, when the proletariat worked in the open air, and when labor might truly be said to have some dignity. But the ten-acre factory, the eight-story loft building, removed that dignity long ago, along with everything else the workingman had, including his wife and children, his health and his life-blood.

Meunier, too, was a Belgian and it may be that the mine and the dock haven't yet gotten in the deadly work that they have over here. Still, the Belgian mines must have progressed somewhat along modern lines of "efficiency" for Meunier has one stark little piece labeled "Fire Damp." On the ground lies a bare-footed miner, and even in the bronze Meunier lets us see that his dead eyes are turned backward and upward. Above him hovers a gaunt woman, her attitude revealing that her grief is dumb. And even here I find an objection. The little bronze piece provokes pity instead of anger.

Meunier shows a tendency in bronze toward what are called "Sob Stories," as so many of our wielders of the pen do. The objection to sob stories is that they cause more fortunate proletarians to exclaim, "Thank God that didn't happen to us," and so cause them to hug their chains more tightly, under the delusion that after all they are better off than others and hence ought not to complain.

Though Meunier makes his toilers athletic he does not give them intelligence. Some of his men are almost anish in aspect. They



THE PORT.

walk with a shamble. Their foreheads are low, their ears set high. Was Meunier right in making his wage slaves appear to be little better than apes? Some might reply: yes, else they wouldn't be wage slaves.

Meunier's workingwomen are more true to life than his men. "The Mine Girl," is hard to distinguish from a man. Her breasts are flat, her waist large, her limbs muscular. This figure shows that Meunier was a keen observer, it being a fact that the marked differences in the physical characteristics of the sexes tend to disappear when men and women work side by side at the same task. Meunier shows us here how our masters are reducing us to that dead level which they pretend to abhor.

The artist's treatment of women would indicate he was a believer in the equality of the sexes. His female figures are without coquetry or skittishness. They smile simply. Their gaze is fearless. They walk with a free stride; they do not seem to sorrow over the fact that the capitalist has taught them woman's place is in the mine.

In practically none of Meunier's faces is there any sign of revolt. They are pathetic,

apathetic, brooding, sometimes even powerful, but almost never rebellious. Perhaps he is dismally true to life in this respect, but one discontented countenance, even an ill-tempered one, would be a welcome contrast in this row of submissive, quiet figures.

We are not told much of Meunier, except that he had a long and racking struggle with poverty and was but ill appreciated. He taught in an art school for a while and then spent some time in Spain but returned to Belgium where he lived in one of the colliery districts, whence he gained his knowledge of proletarian life. A bust of him indicates he was a poet and dreamer. His features are large but as patient as one of the old Hebrew patriarchs.

An art critic in writing of the exhibit says many visitors left it with tears in their eyes. That's the trouble. We've been weeping over the prostrate head of the workman all these years, but all the tears in the universe will never wipe away the system that makes him and keeps him a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Perhaps more curses are needed and fewer tears.



MINER.

In the Oil Fields

(THE REVIEW is indebted to Oran Burk, a socialist at Sapulpa, Okla., for the photographs herein produced and to Comrade Burk and to George Fenton, Financial Secretary of the I. W. W. at Tulsa, Okla., for data on the southern oil wells and the condition of the workers in the oil fields.)



INTERIOR VIEW OF OIL TOWER.

NEARLY everybody who is unacquainted with the conditions under which the workers in the oil fields labor is accustomed to imagine that the oil workers' "lot is such a happy one." We have heard the old story—that "the Standard Oil Company never had a strike"—so often that we supposed the Standard's men and oil men generally were so well paid and so kindly treated that they were perfectly content in the sphere in which the Oil Gods had been pleased to place them. We are very glad to hear that there is a healthy discontent spreading all through the oil industry and that in the Tulsa oil fields alone the I. W. W. has done pioneer work, having over 300 members who will bear the message of industrial solidarity to the far corners of the globe when their work has been finished in Oklahoma.

SINKING OIL WELLS.

Oil workers are still industrial pioneers. The "rigs" upon which they are employed are always situated in the "jungle," miles from any city, and the pleasures and comforts and amusements of civilization.

The wells are found at greatly varying depths. In the Southern districts, particularly in Oklahoma, the wells are usually from 1,400 to 2,000 feet deep. The drills used here weigh about two tons. The first four or five hundred feet are drilled twelve inches in width and cased. Another hole is then drilled inside this casing about eight inches across, and cased with eight-inch casing. Then the last, a six-inch hole, is drilled and cased with six-inch casing.

Usually gas is found in the oil wells and is capped in when the different casings are put in.

When oil is struck, the well is shot with nitroglycerine to make a basin to hold the oil. Then pumps are connected with a power plant by a rod call or shackle line and the well is pumped as long as the oil flow continues.

The steam boilers for drilling are heated by gas fire, the gas being pumped from some other well until gas is struck in the well being drilled itself. Then the gas is piped to the furnace and the oil well is drilled by its OWN GAS.

There is constant danger of an explosion when gas is struck and the boiler must be many feet away from the drill. Many oil crews have been killed by these explosions. A lighted match has been known to cause the annihilation of a whole drilling crew.

The oil is sometimes so filled with gas that the gas will shoot the oil over the top of a 75-foot tower.

Comrade Burk writes that he heard of a case where a large crowd of people had gathered to see a new oil well shot, as they usually do. The drilling crew intended to use 200 quarts of glycerine. Three cartridges had been lowered into the well and the fourth was being lowered, when the well began to spout.

The man who plants the shots caught each charge as it came up and handed it to the stabber, who turned it over to the tool

dresser, who leaned them up against the tower and thus prevented an explosion that would have wiped out fifty people.

On a good oil lease one oil well will often pay all expense in one week.

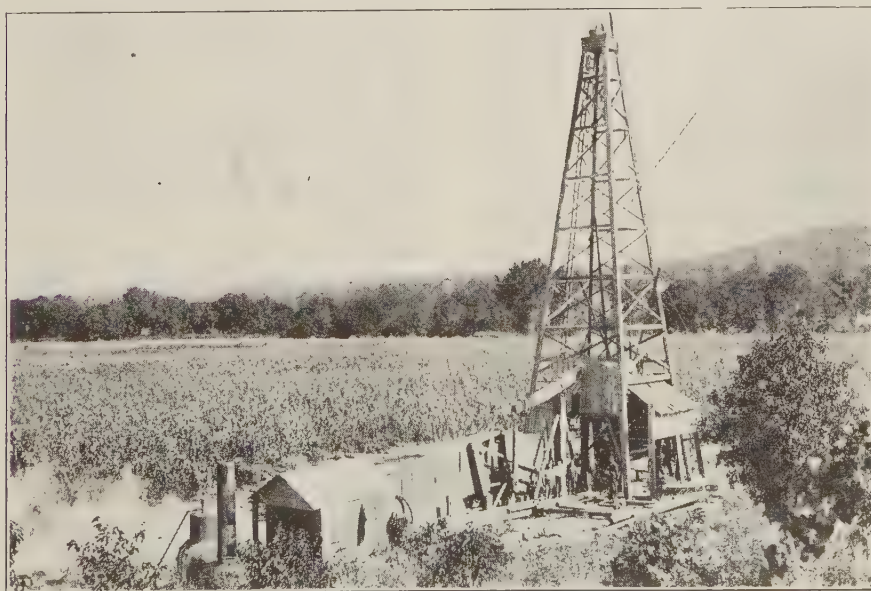
One power house, furnished with a gas engine, fed from one of the wells, will pump from one to twenty wells by rods running to each well, some of them running a mile from the power. One man tends the engine and a crew of four or five make all the repairs on several leases.

The oil is pumped into large tanks and kept till sold, when it is pumped into pipe lines leading into larger lines. One such line runs from Cushing to the Gulf of Mexico. Some pipe lines run to the refineries.

Everything possible is done by machinery.

In Oklahoma the owners of the land lease to the oil companies, for which they receive one-eighth as a royalty on all oil pumped. A few farmers have grown rich this way. A great deal of Oklahoma land was purchased from the Indians before oil was discovered on it. This has greatly increased the holdings of other Indians in Oklahoma.

Fellow Worker George Fenton writes: "The recognized standard of wages in this district is seven dollars a day for oil drillers for twelve hours of work and six dollars a day for tool dressers for a twelve-



FIELD SCENE SHOWING TOWER BELT HOUSE.



A TYPICAL OIL WORKERS' SHACK.

hour day. Twelve hours of labor in the oil industry is called 'a tower.' The drillers and tool dressers have to continually hustle to show their employers that they can do more work and expend more energy than the 'scissor-bills,' who are always anxious to show the boss they are better slaves than the next fellow.

"The shacks put up for the oil workers are as poor as can be and the grub supplied is scarcely enough to give the men the required strength to keep on working."

Fenton declares that the skilled workers on the oil drilling jobs are the most conservative and enslaved of the lot, owing to their fancied superiority over common laborers. In Tulsa, Okla., he says, a city of only 35,000, there are over 15,000 unemployed men who have been lured to the South by "boomer" advertisements.

The oil gaugers, being in a position to report on the different producing qualities of the oil wells, have worked their way into the graces of the Oil Gods and can usually be counted upon to report the first signs of discontent and rebellion among the less highly paid men. And the oil companies know how to take care of their stool pigeons and spies. Men who may be counted upon to report or help to quell any plans for bettering the conditions of the oil workers may always be sure of a job with the master class.

The "pipe-liners" play a most important part in the oil fields. Their work is most hazardous. They make possible the marketing of the oil. Their sufferings and hardships are almost unbelievable. Their work takes them into the fastnesses of the mountains, the wind-driven plains, into far-distant, sunbaked deserts and through the swamps of tropical countries. To them "home" is the place where they are building the oil pipe line, and usually means a leaky tent a thousand miles from the comforts of a city.

The agents for the large corporations are always on the alert to secure the labor of "foreigners," who, being new to the environment, may be counted upon to work for lower wages. In the South some ambitious scissor-bill is appointed as "herder" of the innocents, who, in order to make himself pat with the boss, will nearly drive the poor laborers to desperation.

Owing to the lying newspaper advertisements, there is a continual influx of labor toward the oil centers. This keeps competition keen among the workers and forces wages down to the barest possible point.

Recently a large body of workers employed by the Gulf Pipe Line Company, superintended by a deposed politician and several cast-off "bar flies," completed a very hazardous piece of pipe laying. This job was twelve miles from a railroad. They were



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE OIL FIELD—A HOUSE OF WORSHIP IN THE FOREGROUND AND A HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION IN THE BACKGROUND.

hauled out TO the job, all right, were paid off in time slips, and turned off to shift for themselves. There was nothing to do but to trek the distance to the railroad station in the uncertainty that anybody would cash their checks.

A large pipe line contracting firm of Pittsburg, Pa., Boot & Flynn, contracted a piece of work in Vivien and Oil City, La. The white pipeliners proved to be too expensive, although they were experienced in the work, because they demanded decent wages and decent living conditions. The company agents were immediately instructed to employ an army of Italians, who were sequestered in and around Pittsburg. The Italians were shipped to Louisiana and set to putting in pipe lines. The American workers had received \$3 a day. The Italians were to get \$1.75 and board and house themselves.

The petit bourgeois in the vicinity, real-

izing that the Italians would resort to the "jungle," kicked against their employment and demanded that white men be employed instead. This sentiment proving overwhelming, the company was compelled to meet the demands. The Italians were *driven out of town* by their self-same employers. Thus do the employers "sting" the workers every day in the year.

Wages and conditions were not nearly so bad before the contract system came into vogue for laying the pipe lines. But the contractors have made life unbearable for the working men. In the South the oil workers are fast realizing that they can do nothing unless they are thoroughly organized and that WHEN thoroughly organized, the great thing to be accomplished is to abolish the wages system. Just now their minds are set on growing strong enough to establish an eight-hour day.



CLASS UNIONISM

By B. H. Williams

WHY should the workers on the outside get inside One Big Union? The most obvious answer is: Unless they do, there can be no "One Big Union." But an appeal in that form would have little weight with any considerable portion of the working class. Now, as ever, the basis for working-class unity is not sentiment, but "bread and butter." The necessary pursuit of food, clothing and shelter has been the prime motive force in the evolution of the human animal from the simple jungle of Savagery, to the complex jungle of Civilization. The war of our ancestors with other beasts has given place to the more cruel and implacable war between humans separated into economic classes.

At bottom the motive is still the same: each element in the struggle is in search of "food, clothing and shelter." Today, the working class, through its associated labor power, acting upon natural resources and with highly developed machinery, produces all of these simple necessities of existence, as well as all the complex accessories that go to make up civilized society. But the capitalist class, through its control of land and machinery, as well as its control of the associated labor power of the working class, is enabled to appropriate the lion's share of the worker's product, leaving the latter enough only for dire necessities while his job lasts, and misery and starvation when the job slips from his grasp for a moment. The great, underlying problem of the labor movement, then, is to transfer control of wealth-production from the parasite masters to the actual producers—the working class. That is what the One Big Union proposes to do.

That this One Big Union proposition is revolutionary, going to the very root of

the matter, is apparent from the attitude of the capitalist himself. He displays usually little concern over the religious views of his slave. He does not inquire minutely into the opinions of his "hand" regarding sex and the modern drama. The employer is chiefly interested in "religion" as an antidote to the spirit of rebellion against low wages and long hours. He is willing the worker should support some political party that will keep his mind off shop conditions. Above all, the labor skinner must rub his hands in glee at the bizarre "economics" of some calling themselves "Socialists," who tell the workers that strikes, higher wages, a shorter workday, and other possible achievements of labor organization are of no benefit to them—because, you know, "the worker is robbed at the lunch counter instead of in the shop."

But let the word be noised around that this man's slaves are forming a union, and Mr. Boss at once gets into action. "Sleuths" are hired to ferret out the "criminals," stockades are built around the plant in preparation for "trouble," thugs, politely termed "guards," are recruited from the slums, and city authorities given a hint to increase their police reserves. In short, the boss prepares for war. If a strike follows and proves abortive, through want of solidarity or intelligent action on the part of the workers, the active spirits are "canned" and blacklisted, and the rest terrorized into worse slavery than before.

On the other hand, if the workers' revolt assumes big enough proportions, the war-like nature of the boss' resistance becomes more pronounced. "Gun men" are recruited by hundreds; police reserves augmented; militia and regulars called into action; pickets "pinched;" strike leaders shot at or grabbed as "conspirators," and courts kept

busy grinding out "severe sentences" against "foreigners" so little imbued with the "spirit of our institutions" as to revolt against starvation wages. The mile post in this industrial war thus marks a Lawrence, a Paterson, a Calumet or a Trinidad.

Organization is power. So clearly and thoroughly does the master understand this that he bends every energy and makes use of every resource at his command to keep the workers from becoming organized. When every other recourse fails, he seeks the last refuge of a scoundrel in a hypocritical appeal to "patriotism." Thus we see the National Association of Manufacturers, at its last convention, "viewing with great apprehension the rise and development of the anarchistic Industrial Workers of the World, with its motto, 'No God, no master,'" etc., and seeing "in the new unionism a menace completely alien to our history, traditions, laws and institutions."

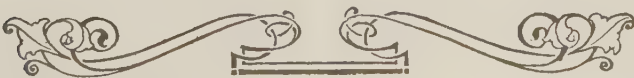
Of course, all the N. A. M. parasites see is that class unionism threatens to seriously interfere with the profit-getting of the capitalist class. This kind of labor organization means higher wages, a shorter work day, a slowing down of the breakneck speed in the workshops, a blow at the solar plexus of the Taylor system and other scientific schemes for quickly transforming the vitality of the slaves into surplus value. Above all, One Big Union is the instrument for the concrete expression of working class solidarity, without which the emancipation of Labor is an idle dream. The masters fully understand this.

Said an employer in Cleveland to the writer a short time ago: "I can understand the terror which your Industrial Union methods inspire in the minds of employers. When, for instance, you say to a manufac-

turer, 'We shall unionize every man in your employ, and when we strike, every employe in the shop will go out, from the floor sweeper to the engineer,' he cannot help being alarmed. Again, when you say to him, after he has offered to negotiate for a settlement: 'We will sign no contract agreeing to work under certain conditions for a specified length of time, since we wish to be free to strike again tomorrow or next week, if we see a chance to win something,' the employer's terror is bound to increase. And when he knows that if he does not grant your union's demands, his machinery may be put on strike, his output rendered uncertain, his shop demoralized—I can understand how any employer would throw up his hands in horror at such a prospect. I am willing to concede the power of One Big Union on its tactical or fighting side, though I cannot believe practicable its ultimate program of social reconstruction."

Yet it is precisely this constructive program of the industrial union movement that gives tone and precision to its fighting methods. The One Big Union is not only the instrument for successfully waging the everyday class struggle, but is also the only means so far conceived for training the working class to carry on production in their own interests after capitalism shall have been overthrown. It puts into concrete form the motto of the Old International, "The emancipation of the working class must be the class conscious act of the workers themselves." In the language of the I. W. W. preamble: "By organizing industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

Need more be said as to why the workers should get into One Big Union?



LETTERS
OF A
SOLDIER
TO HIS DAD

By
Tom McConnell



Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Pa:

Your oft repeated predickshun has come true in a way. I mean what you used to prophesy about me becoming either a politician or a policeman, because I was good for nothing, according to your way of thinking, and did not like to work for a living like an honest man, so-called.

Well, I've gone and joined the United States army. It happened in this way:

I had a hard time making a living after my wife died and threw me on my own resources. I came to Los Angeles and managed to get along fairly well until they organized that there Society for the Protection of Blindmen's Cups.

Then I decided to run for congress by the direct primary route, which is in fashion in California. All I needed to put my name on the ballot was the signatures of 30,000 of my fellow citizens. For a month I worked hard to find 30,000 who didn't know me, and would therefore sign my petition. Five endorsements was all I got, however. Two of these was afterward captured and sent back to the state sanitorium for the demented, the third was a victim of the opium habit from New York, who believed I would reduce the tarriff on opium, whiskey, cocaine and other indoor sports. The fourth was an alleged veteran of the Civil war who was suing for a pension on the grounds of in-

fidelity. The fifth was your loving son, Daniel.

Well, sir, this kind of shattered my political dreams, and it left me without visible means of support, like Benjamin Franklin and other great men, I was hungry, half-naked and shelterless. But I was saved, rescued; the Helping Hand Missions did it. They took me in; and they are numerous in Los Angeles. These missions are for sinners. The bigger the sinner you are the better they like you. Only they ask you to get up before a crowd and declare that you had sunk down as low as you could get.

I put joy into the hearts of the good people of the Methodist mission by introducing myself as a cousin of Jesse James. They gave me a good breakfast. As a blood relative of Captain Kidd I got dinner at the Baptist mission. The beef stew of the Presbyterians spurred me on to even greater efforts, and I presented myself as a ruined broker from Wall street who had squandered \$20,000,000 on chorus girls in one week. At other places I presented myself as a fugitive murderer, a wrecker of homes, a kidnapper of children, a porch climber, an ex-lawyer, an escaped convict, etc. But I managed by these means to eat and sleep. Sometimes, however, I found it necessary to change my religion fourteen times a day. I would wake up as a Methodist, and go to bed a Seventh Day Adventist. I would eat a plate of Baptist beans at noon and then pick my teeth with an Episcopalian toothpick saved from breakfast. I wanted a new outfit of clothes. To get it I was obliged to change my faith about half a dozen times before noon. At 8 a. m. I was a Baptist, at 9:30 a Lutheran, at 11 a Methodist, at 11:25 an Adventist, at 11:50 an Episcopalean, at 11:52 a Presbyterian, and a Calvinist at high noon. The result was that I sported a Methodist coat with spike tails, Baptist pants of sky blue, Presbyterian suspenders, an Episcopalean hat, a Lutheran necktie with polka dots, Adventist sox, pink, with yellow stripes, and a pair of shoes of Quaker persuasions.

But this deceit weighed kind of heavy on my conscience. I was living a dual life, as the newspapers say, and it was

wearing on my nerves. I was always afraid I would drop a pocketful of Presbyterian tracts by accident at the Calvinist banquet board. So I decided to look around for other means of subsistence.

"Young man, what wages are you getting?" a voice murmured in my ear one fine morning. At first I thought it was the income tax collector and was preparing an evasive answer. But it was only the recruiting sergeant of the United States army standing in front of the recruiting office. "We want young men for the army," he says. "Is the spark of patriotism dead in you, man. If so, this will arouse it," he says, handing me a long slip of paper. It read:

Bill of Fare—U. S. Army

Breakfast—Ham and eggs.

Dinner—Roast beef with spaghetti.

Supper—Pork chops and fried potatoes.

Patriots, is your employer doing better than this for you? Uncle Sam is calling for you. When did you take a bath last? We have them regular in the army. A chance to travel, patriots, without being disturbed by brakemen. See the world without being picked up by constables.

I say to the recruiting sergeant: "These eggs you mention here—are they real ones?"



"THE PROSPECTIVE SOLDIER'S DREAM."

"We get 'em fresh from the treasury department in Washington every day," he says.

"Well," I says, "these darn Japs seem to be getting pretty hostile lately."

"Now you're talking," the sergeant says: "Are you and me and Woodrow Wilson going to stand for a pagan invasion of our country?"

"Never," I says, "A thousand times no. I met President Wilson last week in the moving pictures. How is this here roast beef which comes under the head of dinner?"

"The best in the land," he says.

"Well," I says, "the Japs may grab the Philippines any minute. Can I enlist in time for dinner?"

"No, I don't think you could manage to rally 'round the starry banner before suppertime. The investigating officer is uptown playing chess. You'll have to wait, man, till he comes back."

"Now, about this here sightseeing," I says. "Have you seen much?"

"So much that I'm getting cross-eyed trying to keep track of it all," he says. "For a year I've been standing here on this street taking in the sights and the unfortunate. What sights are there to see down here on this dirty Los Angeles street, you ask? Here's what I saw last week," he says, reading from a notebook:

"A policeman coming on duty with a can of beer in one hand and a deck of cards in the other.

"A state senator beating his mother.

"A prominent merchant short changing a five-year-old child by means of beer checks.

"A posse with bloodhounds chasing an old cripple who had stolen half a lemon pie from a member of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association.

"A real estate operator spring a coup d' etate on a blind peddler.

"A man arrested and subsequently given 99 years in jail for making faces at General Otis.

"A deputy sheriff taking a Michigan consumptive by surprise and seizing his overcoat for debt.

"A lawyer sandbagging a Civil war veteran for a can of salmon."

"More than that," says the sergeant, putting up his memorandum book, "I

heard a politician telling the truth in a whisper last month. Sights? No end of sights. That's what I joined the army for—to travel and see things. I used to be a bank cashier in a small town. I left five darling little children there in an orphan asylum—and a lot of debts.

"About this investigation, now?" I said.

"We want no scallywags in the army," he says. "The investigating officer will look at your tongue to see if you're in good repute. He'll feel your pulse to see if you have ever served time for stealing towels from the Salvation Army. If you've deserted your wife and children the investigator will find it out by examining your back teeth. Here he comes now."

"Ahem!" said a little man with glasses, looking up at me from his desk upstairs. "Were you ever arrested for murder, grand larceny, bigamy or arson?"

"I'd like to consult my lawyer before answering that, sir," I says, reaching for my hat.

"No, no, that isn't necessary," he says. "I can tell by the size of your eyeballs that you're a good man. I accept you. Report to the barracks at once."

Well, dad, I reported to the barracks all right. What happened afterward I will tell you in my next letter.

Your affectionate son,

DANIEL.



SEEING THE WORLD THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE COLONEL'S SOX.



DRYING HEMP IN THE SUN.

HEMP GROWING AND ROPE MAKING IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Marion Wright

THE world must have rope, even though it hang itself. This may be said to be the most universal of articles—the means of “the tie that binds” our multiple labors.

Does the dairy maid desire to keep the hungry calf from its natural inheritance, there is always the “calf rope.” Should our masters be minded to top off the martyr or murderer, there is always a stout inch rope and a willing hand to bend it into the “hangman’s noose.” There is no class, kind or distinction of people in any part of the globe but what use the rope in some form, and it will be of interest to learn from whence it comes and how made.

India, Yucatan and other parts of the world contribute fiber for a kind of rope,

but the great bulk of hemp from which the lines of the world are made is grown in the Philippine islands.

Hemp in the raw is obtained from the plant, which it is almost impossible to distinguish from the edible banana.

The hemp grown in the Philippines is commonly called Manila hemp. Calcutta and Bombay give their name to other kinds, and yet a fourth common hemp is known from its elasticity as “bowstring.” But Manila hemp, queen of hems, will only grow in the country of its origin. It is a Filipina, and nothing can make it anything else. It is a creditable Filipina, light, strong, long and supple.

As a general rule, it is not grown from seeds, but from suckers which spring from

the roots of old plants. The tobacco crop matures every year. The hemp grower has to wait from two and a half to three and a half years. All that he has to do is to keep a windbreak in the field and clear off the coarser weeds. When the plant is high enough it is cut down to the ground and the great leaf sheaths surrounding the central flower stalks are separated for stripping. The thick part is thrown away. The rest is split into strips two or three inches wide. The stripping machine in universal use is old-fashioned itself. The native hemp stripper takes the strips and draws them between the edge of a knife and a piece of hardwood. The blade is hinged by the handle to the upper side of the block of wood. The handle is connected with a treadle. The foot is placed on the treadle and the operator can thus regulate the pressure of the blade on the strips as he draws them backward and forward.

The whole process is intended to scrape out the watery pulp and leave the fiber dry. For quick, rough work, the blade is saw-toothed, but for delicate work it is as delicate as a razor, and is drawn backward and forward many times before the task is completed. A well-stripped fiber must be white and clean. The grower who is in touch with new methods knows by now that quality will always override quantity. Experts maintain that if a cheap, workable hemp-stripping machine was in common use all over the islands, 20 or 30 per cent more of the fiber could be saved.

The hemp thus stripped is laid in the sun for a few hours. It is after this placed in loose bundlers, ready for examination by the buyer. As soon as the sale is completed, it is again taken out and exposed for a short time to the sun and air, and then packed more tightly for export. Hemp is of three kinds—"current," "second," "colored." "Colored" is very dark in color and very coarse and rough to the eye and touch. A hemp expert is as valuable an asset to a hemp exporting firm as a tea taster to a great tea house, and can command a salary of \$5,000 a year—the wages of experience.

The hemp, when it reaches the exporter, is sent out mostly to Great Britain and the United States. In 1909-1910 58 per cent went to the states, 33 per cent to Britain. A large amount, however, probably half the total production is used for native fabrics, for *sinamay*, which is pure hemp fiber; for *jusi*, which is hemp fiber mixed with pineapple leaf fiber and sometimes with silk, and for *lupis*, a specially beautiful, almost transparent material, but rarely made.

A small amount is also kept for the local manufacture of cordage. This amount is increasing by leaps and bounds, so that eventually the Philippines may be a producer and exporter, not only of the raw material, but also of the manufactured product. Rope making is of two kinds. There is hand-made rope and there is machine-made rope. To all intents and purposes, for local use, hand-made rope is as good as



ROPE-MAKING BY HAND.

machine-made, but there is a looseness and lack of durability about it that stamps it as of inferior quality. Besides, it takes longer to make and is consequently just as expensive. Yet, rope making by hand is a flourishing industry, and no account of rope making can afford to omit it. The rope-makers work, as a rule, in an open space. They want room and plenty of it. The plaza of the village, the beach, or the flagged yard of the church is a favorite resort of the industrious villager who wants to make rope. Here he sets up at a distance from one another two stands of bamboo. Across these he lays his strands of raw hemp, tightening them with a cumbersome wooden winch at one end. When he has stretched them tight enough he beats them with a flail in order to retain those that will bear the tense strain that any rope must stand. After doing this to his satisfaction, the strands are gathered up and woven in and out and over and over, the tightness of the rope depending entirely on the strength of the worker.

Rope factories in Manila are not easy to find. Binondo is an out-of-the-way suburb, though it edges the business section. Into one door of the factory come the bales and graded hemp. Out of the other issue great cords of rope of every thickness and quality. Fibers that will snap and break in the racking process through which they are to pass are cast on one side. Only the best are kept, and they, too, are to be tested in an unfailling test—on five separate machines are they to be proved. These machines are like elongated combs laid flat on steel foundations. Bristles are in rows, from five to eleven in a row, and there are as many as 150 rows to a comb. The feeder takes the hemp in his hand and places it in the machine. There is a whirring deafen, and the hemp passes over the comb to be separated with every forward movement. At the other end it is gathered up and curled into a great receiving vessel, like wisps of a giant woman's hair. A swift movement, and the vessel and its freight are transferred to another feeder. Once more it starts on its awful journey. The first time the waste covers the floor. The fifth time there is no waste. The weak



OLD-FASHIONED STRIPPING MACHINE.

fibers have been broken and crushed. Only the strong and pliant remain. It is the law of evolution, the survival of the fittest. The surviving strands are now ready for threading. The selected fibers are passed into another machine. This time the movement is not dragging, but circular. At the end there issue long pieces of close-woven string, though its strength is greater than any string. At this stage there is a multiplication of processes in one. Weaving, tightening, oiling, coiling—all take place at once. There is no separate machine for each process. When the strings enter they cannot come out again until the whole process is completed. When the machinery stops it is to take out a coiled bundle. It has merely to be covered with sacking and carried to the dock. In storm and stress it bears its weight to the full, and ever its soul sings in joyful cadence: "Yo! Heave ho! Ho, heave ho! Y-o-o-o!" The song of the faithful rope.

STUDY COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM

LESSON V

Surplus-Value

By J. E. Sinclair

WE have seen how things happen, not because they ought to happen, but because they have got to happen. Nor can this conception of life be called fatalism any more than we could call the inevitable operation of the laws of physics or chemistry fatalism. For in human society we have found forces operating with irresistible might, forces that when ignorantly opposed bring death and ruin, but which when understood and used become our servants in the work of human betterment. Among the forces that drive men and women to do things and that shape our institutions are the economic forces that spring from the ways in which men satisfy their life needs. We have found that the methods whereby these needs have been met in human society arrange themselves in a progressive series from simple savage methods of food getting at the rude beginning to the wonderfully effective industrial processes of today.

With each progressive step in this long series of industrial changes we see new social forms shaping themselves much as a far-reaching change in climate or surface conditions affects the flora of a given region.

There came a stage in the evolution of human industry when the product was more than what was absolutely necessary to sustain the producer. The creation of this surplus was one of the greatest of human achievements; but it brought in its train a series of social transformations that shattered the ancient brotherhood, as we have learned in a previous lesson. It laid the economic basis for that long se-

ries of class struggles that have since constituted the stirring drama of history.

Leaving the initial stages of this conflict for the present, let us most earnestly study the laws and forces that enable the ruling class of our own time to appropriate to themselves without labor the world-wide accumulation of this surplus-product while those who labor to produce it die miserably in rags or know not the joys of real living; for the fear of poverty gnaws forever at the heart of the toiler.

"In capitalist society," says Marx, "spare time is acquired for one class by converting the whole life-time of the masses into labor-time."

To rail against this unbelievable injustice is useless. To run away from it is impossible, for from pole to pole capitalist society has "created a world in its own image." There is no escape so long as we permit this capitalist society to exist; and we can never do anything with capitalism until we understand the laws that govern its operation. In slavery the exploitation of the worker is so brutal and so direct that it is apparent even to bourgeois scholars. In serfdom there is little mystery attached to the forcible plunder of the workers. But in capitalism the robbery of the working masses of the world is so peculiarly concealed that, in spite of its enormity, many of its most pitiful victims are unaware of the process by which they are kept in abject poverty.

We have already felt the far-reaching influence of one great Marxian discovery in social science, namely, the materialist conception of history. We are now to study the operation of the law of surplus-

value, the discovery of which was a process in which many minds had a part but the scientific elaboration of which can be credited to Marx and to no other.

Capitalist production is different from all other systems of production in this that things are made, as a rule, not to use but to sell and to sell so as to realize a profit. In order that an article may sell it must, of course, have some real or fancied use; but the use-value is purely incidental in the eyes of the capitalist. In order that we may understand how the capitalist gets this profit it is necessary that we understand the economic laws that govern production and exchange in a society of commodity production.

There is a little ten-cent book that if every workingman in America would read and study carefully we might expect to get somewhere in the direction of industrial freedom in short order. In the simple language of the work shop, Mary E. Marcy has, in this little book, made the introduction to Marxian economics so easy that it is indispensable for the student. The name of this little book is "Shop Talks on Economics." In this lesson we shall also use "Value, Price, and Profit," by Marx, and the first 196 pages of the first volume of "Capital," by Marx. If the student can find the time he should also read parts II, III, and IV of this great work.

Marx begins his study of economics by carefully defining commodities. We there see that an article may or may not be a commodity. If a shoemaker makes shoes for himself he is creating use-values but not commodities; but if he makes shoes to sell he is creating at once use-values and commodities. A commodity, therefore, is something that satisfies a real or imagined need and that reaches the consumer through a process of exchange or purchase. Every commodity is at once a use-value and an exchange-value.

Without the intervention of gods or governments commodities have a way of exchanging one with another in certain definite proportions. A sack of potatoes may be worth the same as a sack of oats, while a sack of wheat may be worth two of either. What law determines the proportions in which commodities exchange?

The answer to this question is the Marxian law of value: "THE VALUE

OF ONE COMMODITY IS TO THE VALUE OF ANY OTHER AS THE LABOR TIME NECESSARY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF THE ONE IS TO THAT NECESSARY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF THE OTHER." Capital, Volume I, page 46.

In short, the average labor time, socially necessary in any given stage of production to produce a commodity, determines its value, and commodities exchange at their values, taken in an average through long periods.

Men have tried to pass laws altering this economic law; but the economic force back of it was always stronger than any fiat of kings or parliaments. Not that temporary differences in prices may not be created by legislative enactment, especially when the legislative agent is itself possessed of considerable economic power as are all capitalist governments. But price and value are not identical terms.

According to this Marxian law value is but the crystallization of human labor, the creator of all value.

It is thus seen that when we compare two commodities we measure them by the units of a third commodity that has woven itself into their every fiber, and this third commodity is human labor power.

It is the peculiarity of capitalist production to convert the potential energy stored up in the body of the worker into a commodity to be flung upon the market and sold in certain measurable quantities like any other commodity. Instead of measuring this life commodity in pounds, yards, or gallons, they measure it out in hours, days, weeks, months, and years, and its exchange-value is determined by the labor time socially necessary to produce it.

We have seen how with the evolution of industry and the development of the machine there has come into the world a class that owns practically no property in the material means of production, a class that depends for its very existence upon its chances to use the means of production owned by a master class that no longer functions in production.

By virtue of this ownership of the means of production the master class is enabled to compel the worker to sell his labor power, which is the very essence of

his life, as a common commodity on the markets of the world.

When the worker sells his labor power to the boss he gets in exchange sufficient food, clothing, or shelter to enable him to continue working and to raise workers to take the place of himself and his fellows when his labor power can no longer be revived from day to day. That he receives his pay in gold does not alter this fact in the least, as we shall see in a later lesson. The laborer gets no more than what is necessary to perpetuate the race of laborers. In other words he gets what is necessary to reproduce the labor power that he expends. That is, he gets the value of his labor power.

The common laborer gets less than the skilled laborer because the social labor necessary to produce the skilled laborer is greater. Skilled labor is simple average labor intensified.

With the progress of human technic we have seen how there came a time when the worker could produce more in a day than he needed to reproduce his labor power. In the years that have sped since that great industrial achievement, new machines, new divisions of labor, new processes have crowded one another in rapid succession across the industrial landscape until now with the latest improved machinery of production the laborer can produce enough in about two hours a day to replace the commodities consumed in the production of his labor power expended in a ten-hour day. You would naturally think that the laborer, having produced enough during the first two hours to feed and clothe and shelter himself and his offspring, would lay down his tools and go home for the rest of the day. But that is the very thing that he is not permitted to do. Between him and the liberty to do that very thing there has risen a power against which his individual strength is as nothing. This power is an economic power that expresses itself through various social institutions, and the source of this power is in the surplus-labor wrung from the toiler after he has produced the value that he receives as wages from the boss. The worker when he sold his labor power to the boss sold it at its value, sold it for say ten hours at its value, which we have seen was to be the equivalent of the commodities con-

sumed in its production. He receives in return what he produced in two hours. For the remainder of the day he receives nothing, not even thanks.

When the capitalist buys the labor power of the worker he buys with it the right to use that labor power during the whole day or whole week or for whatever time the contract calls for. He buys the whole energy of the worker for the period covered by the contract. If the worker shows any inclination to withhold a part of his stored up energy, if he refuses to hit the pace set by the boss he is discharged promptly. If he comes up to the standard he is permitted to produce about five times the value that he receives; for he receives only the value of his labor power as a commodity. And as Marx says, "It will be seen that the value of laboring power is determined by the value of the necessities required to produce, develop, maintain, and perpetuate the laboring power."

The difference between this value which the worker receives and the value which he creates during the long hours for which he is unpaid is surplus-value.

Suggestions for Study.

In this lesson we have barely touched a great subject, the center and soul of capitalism. In the next lesson we shall further develop this theme. But the student is urged to cover the reading suggested in the above text. In our next lesson we shall go more into detail.

Questions for Review: 1. Compare the exploitation of the slave with that of the wage worker. 2. What is a commodity? 3. Is the heat of the sun a use-value or an exchange value? 4. In what way may a coat be both a use-value and an exchange-value? 5. Why has a coat got more value than the cloth out of which it is made? 6. What determines the value of a commodity? 7. Is the electricity that furnishes the power for a factory a commodity? 8. Is the labor-power that opens the switch and directs the machines in that factory a commodity? 9. If these two forms of power are commodities, what determines their value? 10. What is surplus value? 11. Draw a rectangle ten inches long and one inch wide to represent ten hours of labor. Darken the part that would represent the portion of this day for which the worker in America is paid. 12. Draw another rectangle six inches long and one inch wide and darken the portion of this working day for which the worker is paid. 13. In which instance is the rate of exploitation likely to be greater? 14. Could an increase in the number of hours for which the worker is paid increase the value of the product?

ORATORY

By John P. Altgeld

From the Public

(Continued from the April Review)

BUT," says a would-be orator, "you are demanding too much; you require a man to be a devotee; you ask him to lay all his ambitions on this altar; you demand abstemiousness and self-sacrifice; you offer no resting place; you begin and you end with labor. What is the reward you offer? What is the harvest you promise? In what temple of fame shall we abide, or where among the stars shall we dwell?"

Oratory offers the acme of human delight; it offers the nectar that Jupiter sips; it offers the draft that intoxicates the gods, the divine felicity of lifting up and swaying mankind. There is nothing greater on this earth. 'Tis the breath of the Eternal—the kiss of the Immortal.

Oratory is far above houses and lands, offices and emoluments, possessions and power.

While it may secure all of these it must not for a moment be classed with them. These things offer nothing that is worthy of a high ambition. Enjoyed to their fullest, they leave you hard, wrinkled, and miserable. Get all they can give and the hand will be empty, the mind hungry, and the soul shriveled.

Oratory is an individual accomplishment, and no vicissitudes of fortune can wrest it from the owner. It points the martyr's path to the future; it guides the reaper's hand in the present, and it turns the face of ambition toward the delectable hills of achievement. One great speech made to an intelligent audience in favor of the rights of man will compensate for a life of labor, will crown a career with glory, and give a joy that is born of the divinities.

Is Oratory Dying?

On the contrary, it is growing in favor and in importance. At no time in the his-

tory of the world did men listen as eagerly as they do in America today.

The newspapers, instead of destroying oratory, simply prepare the ground for a higher order of eloquence. They educate the public as to the facts, and thus partially relieve the speaker of dry detail, so that he can devote himself more largely to a discussion of principles than he otherwise could do. At the same time they multiply his audience by the thousand. Once the speaker reached only the people before him; now he reaches millions in addition, so that the orator can now wield an influence that heretofore was impossible.

True, it increases his labor. He must charm not only his hearers, but also delight his readers.

The universal intelligence among the people, and the presence of cultivated women, have tended to give high character to public meetings and to place them far above the audiences of antiquity.

Neither Demosthenes nor Cicero ever saw such inspiring audiences as greet the modern orator.

Democracy

Oratory is the child of Democracy. It is the product of free institutions; it grows in a republic, it withers in a despotism.

Wherever the citizen can publicly discuss the affairs of government and participate in their control, there oratory flourishes; and where he is denied this right there the stillness of the ages creeps over the land.

Glancing down the highway of nations, we find that oratory first illuminated the skies of Greece, while democratic institutions prevailed there. Then its flame was seen in the democracy of Rome.

During the eighteenth century oratory burst forth in England—then the only country that was struggling toward constitu-

tional government; and France produced some great examples of forensic power at the beginning of her revolution.

In Ireland it subsequently became a mighty protest against injustice and oppression.

But it remained for America to give to the world the highest form of the impassioned speech of freedom. Here oratory has been carried to greater heights than anywhere else in the modern world.

Looking over the world today, we see that not even a whisper comes from the Orient, while the vulgar hand of brute force has choked free speech to death and silenced the voice of oratory in the entire basin of the Mediterranean, where it was once great, and where with the decadence of oratory came the degradation of the nations. Twenty-seven years ago there was a spasmodic effort to establish a republic in Spain, and the world heard the eloquence of Castelar; but despotism triumphed and degeneracy followed.

On the continent of Europe a brutal officialism that eats the bread earned by the toil of others, perpetuates injustice and wrong by filling the prisons with the men and women who dare appeal to a higher law or speak of the rights of man.

It is the English-speaking nations that keep alive the divine flame of oratory, and it is this fact that makes them an invincible force in the world.

The golden ages of the world were the ages of democracy and oratory; and the most brilliant pages of every country's history were written when the voice of free discussion was heard in the land. No people ever reached a high development among whom this voice was not heard; and every people that strangled it soon sank into degradation and misery.

Oratory Develops Oratory

As wit develops wit, so oratory develops oratory. The orator must wrestle with the orator, or he will not become great.

Pericles was surrounded by a group of men who disputed every proposition and contested every inch of ground with him.

Demosthenes had to meet a number of men, some of whom were considered his superiors.

In Rome oratory reached its highest excellence in the days of Cicero, who lived among a group of great orators.

In England Chatham had to meet men who taxed all his wonderful resources. Pitt

was confronted by Fox, Burke and Sheridan.

The French group of orators comprised the men whose names are forever linked with the Revolution.

In America Patrick Henry met fierce debaters in the Assembly and the Courts of Virginia.

Samuel Adams and James Otis were surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant speakers in Massachusetts.

At a later period in our history Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun were not only contemporaries, but were also members of the United States Senate. The great emancipation orators, headed by Phillips and Sumner, were confronted by men of rare ability.

Repetition

As a rule, no speech is transcendently great when first delivered. While repetition of words or arguments in the same speech is abominable, repetition on different occasions gives power.

All the great speeches of which we have any knowledge were the result of repetition.

After the orator had discussed a question a number of times and from various standpoints, until it cleared and ripened in his mind, then some extraordinary occasion arose which gave him the opportunity and the inspiration to combine all his knowledge and power into one supreme effort.

Before delivering his oration, On the Crown, Demosthenes had discussed every one of the subjects involved many times.

Patrick Henry had delivered the same speech a hundred times to a hundred different audiences before he overwhelmed the Assembly of Virginia with its fire.

Before delivering his celebrated reply to Hayne, Daniel Webster, on numerous occasions, had discussed every one of the points involved. In fact, he had made a speech in the Senate on the identical subject only a few days before, and while this speech was able, as all his efforts were, it attracted no attention. Finally the opportunity came which furnished him the inspiration to combine all his arguments, and enabled him to reach the heights of eloquence that were impossible on the prior occasions.

Pericles

It is not the purpose of this paper to give biographies of orators, for it would require volumes; but we point a finger toward one mighty model.

Looking at a few of the names that stand out in bold relief against the sky of history, we see "*Pericles*" burning in letters of living light, the greatest man of antiquity, and in some respects the greatest orator. For twenty-three hundred years this name has been a beacon to the sons of men.

During this time a thousand great captains and tens of thousands of Croesuses have come and gone, and the world welcomed their riddance and forgot them; but every century adds to the luster of Pericles.

He was warrior, statesman, philosopher, orator; more, he was liberal, progressive and humane; but greater still, he possessed an independence and a lofty grandeur of soul that illumined his age and all subsequent ages; a sublimity that lifted him above his contemporaries and his successors.

Look at these words, taken from the funeral oration which he delivered over those who had fallen in the defense of their country:

"Their glory shall never die; the whole wide world is their sepulchre; their epitaphs are written in the hearts of mankind, and wherever there is speech of noble deeds their names are held in remembrance."

Nothing ever written under the inspiration of even Chaldean skies surpasses this in grandeur.

He was born and reared an aristocrat, but his great intellect and progressive spirit led him to espouse the cause of the common people. He became the leader of the democracy and made it a ruling power for half a century, creating an Athenian splendor that has dazzled the world. He gathered about him the philosophers and the learned of his time, and thus made the golden age of Greece. He not only fortified Athens, but he beautified her.

During his administration, most of those marvelous structures were erected that have excited the admiration of mankind for thousands of years. He employed the immortal sculptor Phidias in this work, and by this act alone he made the world his debtor.

Pericles was denounced in his time as a demagogue. He was vilified, maligned and abused by the rich and aristocratic class. They threw his friend Phidias into prison, and forced Pericles to go in person into court and defend the accomplished Aspasia, yet he pursued a lofty and dignified course throughout his entire life, constantly pointing the people to higher standards. He was

retiring and simple in his habits, and loved the charms of a refined home so much that he spent all his time there when not engaged in the public service.

It is said that in his whole life he attended but one evening entertainment, preferring to spend that time studying or conversing with cultivated friends. In order not to grow too common, he spoke in public only on great occasions.

His speeches were prepared with scrupulous care. Before rising to speak, he used to pray that no inappropriate word might fall from his lips. He was called the greatest of Grecian orators. "The range and compass of his rhetoric were wonderful, extending from the most winning persuasion to overwhelming denunciation."

While Demosthenes, who came nearly a hundred years later, had more action and more force in his delivery, Pericles surpassed him in grandeur; and the flame of his eloquence, as seen through twenty-three hundred years, is whiter.

The people who called Pericles a demagogue died and were buried, and the very dust that covered them is lost. Even the chimney tops of their houses possessed more of immortality than they.

Pericles died and was buried; and for more than two thousand years the scholars and statesmen and philosophers of earth have studied his career with admiration and profit; and today, more than twenty-three hundred years after his death, the great marching columns of humanity halt not only to listen to the charm of his oratory, but to gaze at the ruins of that Athens that was built by this demagogue and his prison friend, Phidias.

Conclusion

No age in the world's history ever offered such allurements to ambition, or such a field of usefulness, as this age offers to the orator; for he can sway not only his hearers, but the civilized world.

Would he tread the heights of the ideal? Then here is the path of the martyr, thorny and blood-stained, but glorious. Would he direct the vintage of his own time? Then here is the vineyard of humanity calling for men. Is he ambitious? Here is the force that shakes the continents and thrills the nations, that rides upon the centuries and sports with the ages. Here, like Pericles' heroes, he can write his epitaph in the hearts of mankind, and have the whole wide world for a sepulchre.

The Emperor

Greatest Ship Afloat!



AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE REVIEW representatives who are within winning reach of the free trip to Vienna, Austria, to attend the International Socialist Congress next August (23d), will have their choice between going over on the Emperor and the Pennsylvania. Those who go on the greatest ship afloat will pay their own hotel bills and those who go via the Pennsylvania will have \$25.00 for hotel bills paid by the REVIEW.

The comrades who sail on the Pennsylvania will leave New York on August 6th, while those who go over on the Emperor leave August 12th. Both ships arrive in Hamburg, Germany, on August 19th, which will give the travelers three or four days to spend in Germany (they pass through Berlin en route for Vienna) or in running down into the Alps and Northern Italy.

The Pennsylvania carries only second, third cabin and steerage passengers and REVIEW delegates will have the run of the boat. Those who take the Emperor will go second cabin.

Our friends who go over on the Pennsylvania may return September 5th, on the President Lincoln, arriving in New York the 17th, or September 12th, on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, arriving home on the 21st, or, if they wish to stay over another fortnight, on the Pretoria, leaving Hamburg September 26th and reaching New York October 9th.

The Emperor sails from Hamburg Sep-

tember 16th and reaches New York the 23d. The slow boats all stop at Southampton, England, Cherbourg and Boulogne, France.

The REVIEW will make arrangements for those of our friends who are interested so that they may have lodging and three meals a day at a clean, comfortable pension, frequented by American surgeons and physicians studying in Vienna, at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a day. Of course the winners of the free trips will be able to stop at any hotel or pension they may select. The \$25.00 for hotel bills will be forthcoming from the REVIEW in any event if our friends do not prefer to take the Emperor and pay their own hotel bills.

All winners of the trip to Vienna will go over the Hamburg American Line, which docks at New York and Brooklyn and runs to Hamburg, Germany.

Their great vessels on which our friends will make the trip form a traveling city in themselves. Many passengers who usually travel first class prefer to go by way of the Pennsylvania or the Pretoria, which carry only second cabin, third cabin and steerage passengers. Thus by going second cabin they procure the best these boats afford and the entire cabin accommodations of the vessels are at the disposal of the second cabin passengers and they have greater freedom than on those vessels carrying first and second cabin passengers. Smoking rooms, and well stocked libraries are at the disposal of travelers.

If you wish to join the REVIEW party write at once for sample copies and subscription blanks and start taking subs. We only ask you to send us 300 yearly REVIEW subscriptions, or 600 six-month subs. at the regular rate of \$1.00 a year and we pay railroad fare from any point east of Chicago to New York and back, steamship fares (including cabins and meals), railroad fare to and from Vienna and allow \$25.00 for hotel bills in Europe to all except those who prefer to go on the Imperator.

NEARING VICTORY.

Comrades Burns, of Wilkes-Barre, Dr. Wilson, of Rodi, Orlando Carpenter, of Boston, are already almost within striking distance of winning the free trip. Dr. Gibbs landed his long ago.

A. C. Wilson of Schenectady, Hadley of Sioux City, Iowa, Van Hass, Nowata, Okla., Dr. Vistaunet, Thief River Falls, Minn., Mrs. Tampe, Jackson, Miss., Baumann, Ashland, Ohio, Smith of Thompsonville, Mich., and Phillips, organizer at Fernie, B. C., have all announced their intention of entering the race since last month.

Some of our friends who have found it hard to accomplish big results in the cold weather have asked us to extend the time for sub-getters and we will give them until

July 15th or even a little later if they feel they have a chance of winning.

GET YOUR FRIENDS TO GO, TOO.

If you have friends who would like to spend their summer vacation in Europe at a reasonable figure, ask them to write the REVIEW VIENNA Department. We can give them second cabins on the Pennsylvania (which carries only second, third and fourth) round trips from \$125.00 to \$135.00 or second cabins (round trip) on the Imperator for \$145 to \$155—New York to Hamburg. They can also secure rock-bottom rates on first class cabins through our Vienna Department.

Local Vallejo, California, sends us word, through Comrade H. G. Mahoney, that the comrades intend to send Frank Furlan, a native of Austria, as their representative. Comrade Furlan is a member of the State Board of Control in California and well known throughout the state. He speaks five languages and the California friends believe that he will prove the most valuable delegate from America.

You can do the same in your local. Why not show the old-timers, who have laid the foundation for the movement in America, that the younger folks appreciate their good works? Take this matter up with your local and decide to send your own delegate from the rank and file.

Your Opportunity

The Review's offer to send comrades to Europe is the opportunity of a life-time.

If your work prevents you from securing 300 new yearly readers before July 1st, **YOU CAN STILL WIN OUT** by buying 300 yearly sub. cards, which are always good for \$1.00 each. A safe investment and the trip free. Can you beat it?

THE BAD GIRL

By H. Lencou



ROBERT.

A Study in Capitalist Morals

THE Longreach home.

Mary, a young servant girl, timid, of comely appearance, with pink cheeks and large blue eyes.

Mr. Longreach, wearing a black silk skullcap, sits in front of the library table, looking over bills. Suddenly the door swings open and Mrs. Longreach, entering as an avalanche, in a mountain snow-storm, stands in front of her husband.

Mr. Longreach—What's up?

Mrs. Longreach—What's up, what's up, well, that's one more. Mary is in the family way.

Longreach—Again! (He lays down his pen and crosses his arms.) This is a curse—

Mrs. Longreach—What right have you got to complain, when your son is walking in your footsteps?

Longreach—So, it's Robert again?

Mrs. Longreach—Well, it's not me, I'm sure and unless it's you, who can it be?

Longreach (sorrowfully)—What has that boy got in his mind, after all?

Mrs. Longreach—What but the blood of his father. With the examples you have given him, since he left high school—(with contempt)—you have always been in love with all my cooks.

Longreach (softly, with a gesture of angelic resignation)—Well, I'll admit that that you are right, I'll plead guilty, but how did you happen to find out?

Mrs. Longreach—I chanced upon it just a few minutes ago. I went into the kitchen to ask for her book of accounts. I went in; it was dark; I called her: "Mary." She did not answer. I saw her sitting on a chair; I got nearer her; I thought she slept, but I was mistaken; she had fainted. Her head was leaning backward and she held her waist in a tight grasp. (Mrs. Longreach's voice becomes bitter.) Then, well, you know—it's happened so often to me through life, I understood at once. I said to myself: that's it, and that was it, all right. She made a clean breast of it at once, when she woke up—she did not expect to find me there. It looks as if it was about the sixth month. The whole thing has made me sick, I called her names, ugly names—and I thought I should come and tell you.

(Silence, Mrs. Longreach frets in her armchair, sighs, then fans herself with her handkerchief. Mr. Longreach bows his head and thinks.)

Mr. Longreach (raising his head)—

What shall we do—we are going to fire her?

Mrs. Longreach—Of course, we cannot keep such a thing in our home; it would be scandalous!

Longreach—Do you think the neighbors might have noticed something? Anyhow, she has got to go, at once. Tomorrow morning, as early as possible. Will you go and bring her here?

Mrs. Longreach—I am going; she will be here in a minute.

(While he is alone, Mr. Longreach settles his glasses on his big nose, carefully buttons up his jacket, sits up in his chair. A moment later the door opens and Mary enters, crying and holding her handkerchief before her eyes. The measly, slightly unbuttoned waist no longer hides the swelling of the hips. Prodded from behind by Mrs. Longreach, she comes slowly forward to the center of the room, then stops.)

Mrs. Longreach (sitting down)—Here she is.

Longreach (solemn and slow)—Mary, Mrs. Longreach has just told me of the wrong you have done us. Forgetting that you were here in a decent home, you have given free rein to your instincts of perversity and debauchery. You have troubled the peace of our home, dragging Master Robert down with you in your fatal mistake, and breaking Mrs. Longreach's heart. I cannot tell you how your behavior makes me feel sorry and sad. You were not treated here as a servant, but as a child of the family. You received three hundred dollars in wages, besides board and lodging, and you had half a day off every month. To thank us for all our kindness you have lured our son away from the path of righteousness. That was the reward of our kindness. Let it be as it is; I am not complaining. In showing our kindness to strangers we are not looking for their thanks. But, since your presence here is, from now on, dangerous, and as the care of the peace of this home compels us to stop this condition of affairs, as soon as possible, I now warn you that you will have to leave tomorrow.

Mary (afraid)—Tomorrow?

Mrs. Longreach (dryly)—You did not

imagine that this was a maternity hospital, did you?

Mary (still weeping)—But, Madam—until then—what is to become of me? Nobody will consent to hire me in such a condition.

Mrs. Longreach (dryly)—Why did you get in such a condition?

Longreach—Be calm, Mary, we shall keep on being kind and generous. I do not want you to leave this house while harboring a feeling of hate against your former employers. Mrs. Longreach will give you some money before you leave—enough to allow you to remain without working for a certain time—one hundred dollars, for instance.

Mrs. Longreach—One hundred dollars. I suppose you will still be complaining, after we give you all that money!

Mary (revolting)—And why should I not complain, after all. You say that I am guilty. I say that I am not. I swear it.

Mrs. Longreach—Don't swear, it is useless. You could say nothing else if you did not claim that you have been seduced.

Mary—You may be sure, Madam, that for the last year, ever since I have been working here, Mr. Robert has never left me alone, he was always after me, looking for me since the first day. (She stops, hesitating.) And then, one night, he came upstairs and entered my room with the duplicate pass-key.

Mrs. Longreach (ironically)—And then?

Mary (crying again)—And then, what can you expect; why should I not say it? I loved him.

Mrs. Longreach (rising, furious)—Ah well, that's a new one on me; you loved him! Is that your excuse? I congratulate you on your love. You loved him, eh? Well, you have a pretty good taste, my girl. A young man like Robert, like Master Robert. Do you want to get acquainted with some more gentlemen of his class in order that you may learn to love them also?

(While speaking, she moves towards Mary, who draws back, afraid.)

Longreach (interrupting)—Grace, my dear, please do not get excited.

Mrs. Longreach—Does all this then not excite you? Does it not make your blood

boil to hear this woman tell how she made our son love her, as if our son had nothing better to do than to court servant girls? (To Mary) Ah, you are a shrewd one, my dear, but I am as shrewd as you can be, believe me. All that you are telling us here has only one purpose: to get more than a hundred dollars—you think it is not enough. But you are not going to get another penny, that's what I am telling you, and if you keep up all this fuss a little longer, you will get nothing at all. Be careful—if it is not a shame to dare to lie to such an extent—Here—I have told it to you a minute ago, you are too shrewd, you are a bad girl. Go away and pack your trunk at once, I discharge you. (With arm outstretched towards the door.) I discharge you!

(Mary, crying aloud, leaves the room without speaking. Mrs. Longreach shuts the door upon her with a bang.)

Mrs. Longreach (coming back towards Longreach)—What do you think of the audacity of that woman? She wanted to blackmail us.

Longreach—Of course; they have lots of chances nowadays with all that talk about white slavery. They take advantage of it.

(A pause, the tread of Mary can be heard on the stairs, outside the door.)

Mrs. Longreach—All that would never happen if you increased Robert's allowance for spending money, let us say a hundred a month. What do you want? The boy is young—if he cannot manage, on his spending money, to have a little fun on the outside, he takes it on the inside—he is only half guilty.

Longreach—But has he not got an affinity now—Mrs. Swington?

Mrs. Longreach (shrugging her shoulders)—Oh, Mrs. Swington, she has seen forty springs—and he is only twenty-six. That is not quite love. And therefore these things will be recurring all the time, and in the long run it will be as expensive as raising his spending money.

Longreach—As expensive? Just think of what you say. If, for the last five years, we had given Robert an extra hundred dollars a month, that would have made six thousand dollars, would it not? Now, in that time, we have discharged seven servant girls because—on his account. At the rate of a hundred dollars to each, that makes seven hundred dollars. That makes a saving of five thousand three hundred dollars, do you see?

CLASS STRUGGLE NEWS

Mother Jones.—Just when the miners were prepared to demand the release of Mother Jones on a writ of habeas corpus, the Colorado cowardly politicians released her, but she was re-arrested at Trinidad—in direct violation of all her constitutional rights.

And why is "Mother" thrown into jail again? Because she dared to live up to her white locks and her great heart—dared to live up to all that the name "Mother" stands for and do battle for the men in the mines.

But what are her "Boys" doing while Mother Jones suffers inhuman incarceration at the hands of Colorado's official anarchists? Some of them are on strike, some are in jail, but most of them are working the mines of the bosses. Mother has never rested or worked or lived in peace and content while the United States miners have been ill, or illegally jailed or ill-treated, but has always jumped into the thickest of the fight, ready to strive or to DIE, if need be, to help in any struggle of the working class.

Her courage and audacity have risen to meet every occasion. Why is it that her "Boys"

are quietly working to make profits for bosses while she spends her few last days in jail, where she is held illegally?

Whenever the mine boys have been in despair, or engaged in a desperate struggle, they have called for Mother Jones and they have never called in vain. Word that she was on the way to assist in times of strike has always brought a thrill of joy and hope to the heart of every miner.

And yet today Mother Jones has again been thrown into jail and her Boys are doing nothing. Why don't every decent miner in the United States lay down his tools and declare that he won't work another lick until Mother Jones is set free? Why don't they throw down their tools and MARCH ON TO THE JAIL WHERE she is incarcerated and set her free with their own strong hands?

Mother Jones has fought and been imprisoned and risked her life for the miners of America. She has suffered and spoken and striven to educate the American workers into a feeling of solidarity that would render them

invincible when they threw down the gage of battle to the master class.

But now that the master class has resolved to force her to spend her few remaining days in jail, without any legal right whatsoever, if the mine boys and the working class generally fails to show their solidarity in giving the capitalist class a shock and setting Mother Jones at liberty, it will speak very poorly for the effect of the brave message of Emancipation she has borne so many years.

Boys, you have nothing to lose but your chains. Don't you think a widespread self-called vacation and a stoppage of the wheels of the entire mine industry would do you good and show the world that you have both the courage and the grit to force the employing class to liberate a comrade who is being held only because of her undying loyalty to you and your class?

Our motto is One for All and All for One! Such a general strike would strengthen your own cause and show every mine worker in the country that when the workers are willing to stand together or to fall together—**NOTHING ON EARTH CAN DEFEAT THEM!**

All together for the liberation of Mother Jones!
(By Tom J. Lewis.)

Tom Mann Off for South Africa.—A great crowd of rebels, men and women, young and old, gathered at Waterloo, England, March 7, to give Tom Mann a send-off as he sailed away to South Africa, to take up the work of organizing the working class, forcibly broken off by an ANARCHISTIC "Government" when it deported the famous nine strike organizers to England.

A great crowd of revolutionists were on hand to see Tom off. There were Victor Grayson, Ben Tillett, Temple, Lansbury and hundreds of others. Way was made for the celebrants to march down to the **SECOND CLASS** carriage. The idea of sending Tom Mann to do organization and educational work in South Africa was first suggested by our old friend Archie Crawford, who was one of the deported nine. As the ship moved away from shore the crowd sang *The Red Flag*.

The Rebel Nine believe Tom will be able to do great things in South Africa. It is generally conceded that Gen. Botha and the South African officials greatly exceeded their authority and, in fact, disregarded all law and order in deporting nine men who were not convicted of any crime whatsoever and it is more than likely that England will take some action in the matter to at least cause the working class to imagine she intends to obey her own laws. It is believed that Botha will not dare to take any action against Mann while under the at least *simulated*—displeasure of England. Perhaps he recalls how easy it is for Mother Governments to sacrifice the over-zealous individual in order to maintain their status as a goddess of Justice or upholder of her own law. Good luck to you, Tom! And good luck to the brave boys in South Africa who have fought the good fight in the past.

The things you accomplish in the near future will either put South Africa permanently on the map as the Home of Official ANARCHY or laws not meant to be broken even by servile caterers to cowardly capital.

From the Railroad Workers.—A few railroad workers have been asking us to have something on One Big Railway Union in the **REVIEW** and two of the boys have sent the following, which they want to have all the boys on the roads, who read the **REVIEW**, talk over and pass on to their fellow-workers. "What the railroad workers need today is industrial unionism—that is—an organization that will take in all the different craftsmen in one union from engineer down to track men.

"We must also abolish arbitration. Arbitration is a fine thing for *settling* industrial disputes, but no good for **WINNING** them. It is a glorious success from the capitalist viewpoint; but an utter failure from the point of the trainmen.

Watch the usual three-act vaudeville sketch that is pulled off every other year or so. The Engineers, with Warren A. Stone as the leading man. First act, Engineers present demands; act two, a ninety per cent strike vote in which we see big headlines in the papers about how 50,000 engineers are going to paralyze industry, tie up the Krupp Gun Works, in Germany, and the tea plantations in Japan. Even the heathen Chinese and Alaskan Eskimos tremble when they hear about what the engineers are going to do. Wise men consult together. Some one says, "Will not the Erdman Act prevent the strike?" And another hopes Warren Stone will agree to arbitrate. Then the monumental bluffer, Stone, knowing that with his engineers striking and all the other trainmen faithfully remaining on duty (for the corporation), the engineers will have no more show to win than a turtle would have in a 100-yard race against a stake horse, agrees to arbitrate.

The engineers dig up about \$200,000 for this little sketch and in it prove that eggs are 40 cents a dozen; beef, 25 cents a pound, and that the cost of living is rising. A little later President Carter finds himself up against the same stage setting. He also is willing to arbitrate and it costs the firemen \$200,000 more to rehearse what the engineers said.

Next we see a new team on the bills. This time Garretson and Lee, who have made themselves famous in the role of arbitrators. They know that a strike would prove disastrous—and probably result in the loss of their yearly "contract" at \$10,000 per. The results of their little sketch are identical with those of their predecessors Carter and Stone, and arbitrations costs the B. R. T. and the O. R. C. another \$200,000.

Now all this sort of things has got to stop if the trainmen are ever to get anywhere. We of the rank and file want to put that \$600,000 that we have thrown away every year or so into a fund for bringing all the trainmen into One Big Industrial Union. We want a big

organization that will be strong enough to ENFORCE our demands. If we can't get what we demand at first, we want to be in a position to STRIKE all together and tie all the railroads up from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We want to decide our own strike tactics, name our OWN demands and decide when we shall settle. We have had enough Seth Lows and John Finley's, who know just about as much of the conditions we are working under as an angora cat does about astronomy. It is certain such men are not working for a living and doubtless they are living off the labor of the working class. We might just as well expect a brewery syndicate to contribute toward a temperance campaign as to expect any help from men who live off the labor of others to help the workers.

Here in St. Clair, Pa., we railroad boys are working from 10, 14 to 16 hours a day. The first thing we want is an EIGHT-HOUR DAY. But we have found no newspaper that would take up our demand. Even Fred Warren, of the *Appeal*, refused to give us any space. Lodge 761, B. R. T., will meet at Pottsville, Pa., March 22, and a few of us are going to fire our last gun. We are going to get our lodge to back us in the fight for One Big Union and an Eight-Hour Work Day. We want to send a plan of our proposed organization to every lodge in the four trainmen's organizations. Some of us will certainly withdraw from the union unless something of this kind is done. We do not intend to cough up \$8.00 again to finance another BOGUS STRIKE.—(From Comrade H., St. Clair, Pa.)

Scabs Again.—The workers of St. Louis still appear to sleep, despite two occurrences that should serve to awaken and arouse them to action—A. F. of L. interference in two strikes AT THE SUGGESTION OF THE EMPLOYERS INVOLVED.

The story of the betrayal of the shoe workers was told in the March issue of the REVIEW. To that record of infamy must be attached the unwarranted, unjustified, but unfortunately successful intrusion of the American Federation of Labor into the general strike of the Bag and Trunk Workers of St. Louis, which the I. W. W. is conducting.

The men and women employed in this industry were among the most fiercely exploited slaves in this "free" country of "ours."

Wages ranged from \$5.00 to \$12.00 per week for skilled mechanics. Women were worked for prices that compelled a breakneck speed to beget a \$5.00 or \$6.00 weekly wage. Moreover the work performed by the women required the strength and staying qualities of a longshoreman.

The most devilish scheme ever devised was the "apprentice" system, whereby the trunk-makers were held down to a wage that seldom exceeded \$12.00. And this does not mean \$12.00 for the 3rd or 4th year, but the "high" wage of expert workmen.

Every year the busy season was heralded by a cut in prices, and a reduction of wages.

1914 is distinguished in that a bonus system of 10 per cent was replaced by straight pay, and the reduced wage was cut 20 per cent. Cut has followed cut, reduction after reduction has been instituted until the workers refused to stand passively under the oppression. Not only were the wages small and the conditions hard, but the discipline in the shops was ultra-military in character, reinforced by a spy system that was as efficient as it was despicable. Man after man was fired for joining or attending meetings of the union. At each meeting the lesson of solidarity was driven home to the trunk workers, and when Leon Margolis was discharged the walkout of the Horn employees started the movement that emptied all the trunk factories in St. Louis.

The industry in St. Louis was completely paralyzed. Mercantile houses were holding expensive salesmen because their sample trunks could not be repaired. The firms were not in a position to oblige each other. The working forces of the shops were on the picket line, the spirit of the strikers was good and the prospect was bright. Victory was within easy reach of the men when word reached Organizer Little that David Kreyling, Secretary of the Central Trades and Labor Council, was endeavoring to form a union connected with the A. F. of L. Little made arrangements whereby a representative of the I. W. W. was present at the meeting. To his contentions Organizer Kreyling subscribed in every detail. He acknowledged that while there were points upon which labor men might disagree, there was one thing upon which they were compelled to unite—the necessity of preserving solidarity among workers who were engaged in an industrial conflict. He admitted that the formation of another union, or any attempt to organize one could result only in defeating the aim of the striking workers. He further volunteered the information that anything which would serve to divide or distract the workers was to be condemned, and that in so far as laid in his power no such attempt would be made. How did he keep his promise? That meeting had scarcely adjourned when Mr. Kreyling, in keeping with an understanding he is alleged to have had with the Murphy firm, imported organizers and broke up the strike.

We hold no brief for the I. W. W., but we admire the effectiveness of their tactics. They established the condition upon which a successful strike is predicated—entire suspension of industrial activity. The A. F. of L. is not constituted to bring about such a condition—every machine idle, every worker on the firing line. This accomplishment of the I. W. W., the Federation would not dare to undertake. The factors that were responsible for this industrial manifestation were of the most diverse character. Little, humped over and doubled up with rheumatism, inspiring, suggesting, managing, typical of the I. W. W., Miss Anna Schmidmer, sister to a Catholic priest, was first on the picket line,

earnest, untiring, accepting the revolutionary I. W. W. as an instrument of hope and deliverance to herself, her sisters, and her fellow workers. Such were the factors that enabled St. Louis labor to behold the spectacle of the workers in an entire industry presenting an unbroken front to the employers, with every department of every shop completely tied up.

At their wits' end, the manufacturers sought an instrument by and through which they might divide the strikers and weaken them. Such an instrument was at hand. David Kreyling was it. What was the measure of the consideration we are unable to state. One thing we can and do assert is that the American Federation of Labor snatched from the outstretched hands of the trunk workers the palm of a well-earned and unquestioned victory.

Kreyling promised to be good, to keep his hands off until the strike had been definitely lost or won. He asserted with marked emphasis that he would be no party to any scheme of organization other than the I. W. W. while the strike was in progress.

How did he? How did his organization redeem that promise? His report to the central labor body stated that he "had held several meetings of the trunk and bag workers during the week." WHY DURING THE PAST WEEK? Why not during the many weeks in all the years that the firms have been increasing hours and reducing wages? Was it a desire to defeat the I. W. W. or to help the employers that prompted his activity at this particular time?

Basing the possibility of success upon the maintenance of solidarity, when the A. F. of L. destroyed that solidarity, the I. W. W. declared the strike off and will try to build up a strong organization for future attempts in the direction of better conditions, shorter hours and higher wages for the trunk and bag workers, and finally emancipation for the working class.

JOHN HAYES.

The Shoe Workers Again.—The shoe workers in St. Louis and Belleville, Ill., are still fighting the co-operation of the Hamilton-Brown Company and other companies and the officials of the so-called Boot & Shoe Workers' Union.

Many strike breakers have been imported, furnished car fare and spending money from the treasury of the Boot & Shoe Workers' Union, and these scabs are required to sign applications to that organization when they arrive at the scene of battle. Then they are led up to the factories as good union men(?). Those who want to quit find their wages held for "money advanced," but they are leaving as fast as they can.

The Hamilton-Brown people have lost over

\$180,000 during the past six months of the fight in one factory alone. Their total loss must rise to a high point.

Three large detective agencies and the Boot and Shoe Workers Union have combined to send scabs into the plants where the shoe workers have been on strike. This explains to what depths the Boot & Shoe Workers' officials will descend to serve the exploiting class and injure the working class.

At a meeting of the Central Trades & Labor Union, St. Louis, an investigation of the Boot & Shoe Workers officials was demanded. Labor is everywhere waking up to the truth about this fake labor organization.

The Boot & Shoe Workers officials are now trying to organize the strike breakers employed by the Belleville Shoe Company in Belleville, Illinois, where a strike has been in progress since July. A favorable settlement was reached about six weeks ago, but Gen. Mgr. Wiedman, of the Belleville Shoe Company, who has a very unenviable record, violated the agreement shamefully, re-employed the strike breakers and secretly signed an agreement with the Boot & Shoe Workers Union. Hostilities broke out again and the different unions in Belleville affiliated with the American Federation of Labor have voted this organization moral support and have put the Belleville Shoe Company on the unfair list.

Gen. Vice-President Collis Lovely, knowing that the Central Trades & Labor Union in Belleville would refuse to seat delegates from the strike breakers if a charter was granted them, tried to get these men into the Cobblers local. But the Cobblers refused to have anything to do with them. Belleville seems dead set against scabbing, no matter who does the dirty work.

The strikers planned a big mass meeting in Belleville and invited Mgr. Wiedman of the Belleville Shoe Company and Vice-Pres. Lovely to speak, but both were afraid to attempt to defend their positions before so large a body of organized labor. At the last moment the management closed the theatre to the strikers and the Central Labor body was so incensed at this trickery that it put the Washington Theatre on the Unfair list. Later, of course, the manager apologized for the "mistake" in order to square himself with the working class in Belleville.

The shoe workers have expressed themselves in no uncertain terms until today it is difficult to find a shoe worker whose countenance will not cloud up with anger when the Boot & Shoe Workers Union or their "union stamp" (?) is mentioned. We are going to have a REAL all embracing shoe workers union yet!



FROM A COTTON PICKER

By Oran Burk

LAST year the cotton in Oklahoma was cut short by the dry, hot weather, Later the cotton was damaged by frequent rains. I worked for a man who had all his children at work picking cotton, from the grown boys down to a seven-year-old girl. The little girl worked in a patch beside grown men, black and white. One of the older girls was so poorly clad that she had to keep her dress pinned together. It was falling to pieces. All these children picked cotton until three weeks after school had commenced.

The next place where I worked was owned by the child of a white man married to an Indian woman. When the land allotment was made this man received six quarter sections—one for his wife and one for each of his children by the Indian wife. Three of these quarters lie on the land of Rock creek, in a wild country, the nearest town, Keystone, being five miles distant. The country is so rough that the government will not grant the people a rural route.

The best price for cotton this year was

\$5 per hundred in the seed. This leaves very little for the renters. I picked cotton for one man who pays \$200 a year rent. He sold about \$700 worth of cotton. After he had paid for his provisions and for picking, he had only about \$100 left. This man and his wife are both good pickers, averaging over 200 pounds each a day. He was lucky to come out \$100 ahead of the game.

Here, in Oklahoma, the Indian homesteads are exempt from taxation for twenty-one years from the time of the opening of the country in 1907. The courts have ruled that the exemption follows the land and not the owner, so that anybody getting hold of this land will be free from taxes for some years. Much of the land is already in the hands of bankers and other grafters. Nearly all of it seems to be underlaid with oil wells or natural gas, and the oil lessees are growing rich off the land they grabbed onto.

The only class that gets robbed here is the PRODUCER. The producer is the only man who CAN be robbed, because he produces ALL things.

Carrying Coal By Pipe Line

BY JACK MORTON

THE scientific journals are full of new discoveries and inventions in the coal mining industry these days. First comes a German professor who has demonstrated the feasibility of producing hard coal from peat and even from cellulose, which is the chief part of the solid framework of plants, by heating them in a specially constructed apparatus under great pressure.

Then we have the proposal to pipe a mixture of pulverized coal and water as oil is now piped. Formally the latter was not employed to any practical extent but of late two New York inventors have perfected a specially constructed machine which is creating much discussion in financial circles. It is proposed by the use of this new invention to mine all coal in the form of dust, mixing it at once with water and thereafter pumping through pipes. At its destination it can be separated from the water and dried and it will be found available for almost every use for which lump coal is now employed.

The Manufacturers' Record, for July 18th, says in part:

This machine, primarily designed to cut the whole seam of coal into a granular or powdered state, has been tested in actual work, and according to the engineers who have designed it, has proved itself so economical in operation that they say it may change the whole art not only of coal mining, but of transporting and consuming it.

In connection with mining coal by this system it is proposed that granular or powdered coal shall, with the aid of water, be pumped through pipes for any desired distance and, it is claimed, at a far less cost than it can be transported by rail. It is also said that powdered coal, when blown into the furnace with an air blast, burns with more economy than does lump coal when thrown on the grate.

Joseph H. Hoadley and Walter H. Knight are the inventors. In writing of this new system, they say:

The Hoadley-Knight coal-milling machine not only cuts the coal from floor to roof into a finely powdered state, but pipes it, mixed with water in the mine, to any distance desired, as, for instance, to the coal washer or coal bin adjacent to the coke ovens. It necessarily does away with the use of explosives, and as the mine is always wet and washed clean, there is never any coal dust. The system is a peculiarly safe one to use in gaseous mines on this account.

The machine itself is automatic, advancing by a simple hydraulic feed mechanism which propels it along the floor into the face of the seam, the rotary cutters on the armature shaft of the induction motor cutting the coal very much as a circular saw cuts wood. * * * A fire-engine hose leading from some source of water under pressure enables a powerful stream of water to be thrown against the face of the coal while it is being cut, thus eliminating all dust and keeping the tools cold. The water thus projected against the coal carries away with it the comminuted product, which runs off to the nearest sump, whence it is pumped to any desirable destination. * * *

It is found that the violent jet of water so aids the breaking up of the coal by the cutter that the coal breaks clean to the floor and the roof, even though the cutters do not reach within several inches of either. It is found also that by cutting narrow rooms and leaving narrow pillars that timbering is largely done away with, and in some mines is rendered entirely unnecessary. The elimination of timbering, haulage, and explosives and practically all of the hard labor are some of the things that are claimed for this system.

In the meantime the people in the neighborhood of Ashtabula, Ohio, are marvelling over the Hulett Electric Ore Unloader used on the Superior Dock, that picks up fifteen tons of coal from the loaded vessels and drops it into cars waiting to be loaded, and the new car-dump machine that snatches freight cars filled with coal and tips them upside down emptying them into a chute that delivers the coal into the waiting carrier.

And last, and foremost, we read of the new Keokuk Dam, one of the most wonderful feats of modern engineering of the past decade, which will supply the power formerly requiring millions of tons of coal yearly.



Books Received

The State. Its History and Development, Viewed Sociologically. By Franz Oppenheimer. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, \$1.50 net.

Those who regard universities as the last strongholds of conservatism will hardly expect to find much light thrown on historic or sociological themes by one who holds a chair of political sciences in the University of Berlin. Yet that Dr. Oppenheimer's book is illuminating in the highest degree it would be difficult to deny. His vision is cosmic in its sweep. His generalizations aim to include everything in the universe from the animalculé to the emperor. His illustrations are drawn from every part of the globe except the frigid zones, from every race except the Esquimaux. Like Karl Marx, he finds the great moving force of human development to lie in the satisfaction of the needs of the body. Unlike Marx he divides the means of satisfying these needs into two categories, the economic and the political.

He calls "one's own labor and the equivalent exchange of one's own labor for the labor of others, the 'economic means' for the satisfaction of needs" and "the unrequited appropriation of the labor of others the political means."

The state has its origin in the political means, *i. e.*, in the conquest of groups of men by other groups for purposes of exploitation. Its genesis is to be sought in those nomadic tribes who live by herdsman'ship. The peasant is bound to the soil by his occupation. Moreover, since by his own labor he produces enough to supply his own wants he is not driven by the spur of necessity to invade the territory of his neighbor whose possessions are doubtless no more ample than his own.

The class of hunters though accustomed to sporadic warfare are too undisciplined and too loosely organized to hold such conquests as they have gained. With the herdsman it is otherwise. Within his tribe has already taken place a differentiation of rich and poor. Greater efficiency as breeders and tenders of herds added to the element of chance incident to this occupation has raised some members above others. The man who has lost his cattle must sell his labor to his more prosperous associate. The latter, as his stock increases requires and captures slaves to assist him in preserving it. Thus slavery comes into being and in slavery you have the essence of the state.

Centuries and millenniums have not destroyed that essence. Yet has all history resolved itself into a battle between the two great tendencies of human development, the economic and the political. One is reminded of Prof. Sera's division of mankind into aristocrats and workers. But Dr. Oppenheimer sees a victory of the economic over the political means along the whole line. From slavery the author traces the gradual growth of the feudal state built up on the expropriation of the services of inferiors and the concession of unrequited service to superiors. From the feudal state in which the exchange of labor is made in kind grows the industrial city in which such exchange is made in money and from the power of the city is born the constitutional state. Up to this point the links in the chain of analysis are unbroken. But when our author leaps to the conclusion that the final victory of the economic over the political forces, the decay of capitalism and the natural death of the state are to come about through abolishing monopoly in land, we are not convinced.

Social Insurance—With Special Reference to American Conditions. By I. M. Rubinow. Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$3.

Those who are interested in social reform will find in this volume an admirable account by a competent authority of the original, development and ideals of social insurance. It includes a discussion of insurance against accidents, sickness, old age, unemployment, pensions for widows and orphans, etc. The book has grown out of a course of fifteen lectures recently given by its author before the New York School of Philanthropy. Its author's object as stated is "to give within the compass of one book—not too large for general use—both the main facts as to the development of various forms of social insurance up to date, and also the social theories underlying it and the main problems arising out of the increment."

A History of Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. Fifth edition, revised and largely rewritten, by Edward R. Pease. The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50.

This book, now in its 5th edition, suffers under the disadvantage of its author's having taken no active part in the socialist movement of his time. The editor frankly confesses in his preface that his own additions to the work are made from the standpoint of a Fabian so-

cialist. Neither in philosophic grasp of its theme nor in charm of style is the book comparable to Prof. Werner Sombart's similar work. Mr. Pease has, however, included data not covered by Sombart and has brought his history down to the present moment. In spite of a somewhat puerile and supercilious attitude toward syndicalism he is forced to concede that "the general strike though a very difficult weapon to wield, is undoubtedly a weapon of enormous power. If any civilized people finds it necessary in the future to embark upon a social revolution, this is the form it is most likely to assume."

But is he right when he adds that "a real general strike is only possible when the working classes are united against the government, and in a constitutional country with a democratic suffrage this is a contingency which cannot possibly occur."

Women and Morality—By a Mother, a Father and Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan. The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago, \$1.00 net.

Three brilliant articles on sex treated from a much-needed breadth of view. A plea for more light. Mrs. Gallichan's chapter on Sexes Again, close with these inspiring words: "Our marriage in its present form is primarily an arrangement for the protection of the family. Now, what I want is that some measure, at least, of the provision now given to the wife should also be afforded to all women who fulfill the same duties. There, then, would be no necessity for such patch-up laws as the legitimating of illegitimate children. That any child should be branded as illegitimate is, in itself, witness to the inadequacy of our moral code."

THE IGNORANT MASSES

By Ted Robinson

(Cleveland Plain Dealer)

The Social Uplifters, those eminent sifters
Of merit and poor people's needs,
Went down to the slums to regenerate bums,
And to do meritorious deeds.
We washed them, we dressed them, with libraries blessed them,
We prayed with those ignorant mobs—
And the wretches were hateful, and vilely ungrateful,
And said what they wanted was jobs!

Our noble Committee then searched through the city
To find all the fallen and lost;
We learned how they came to be living in shame—
This, mind you, at no little cost.
We swamped them with tracts and statistical facts,
But the creatures were terribly rude;
They acknowledged 'twas nice to be free from all vice,
But they said what they wanted was food!

They're just as God made them—it's useless to aid them,
The brutes do not ask for reform;
Intellectual feasts are all wasted on beasts
Who want to be fed and kept warm.
Let them keep their allotted positions, besotted
And blind! When you bid them advance—
Those ignorant asses, the underworld classes
Will say all they want is a chance!

EDITORIAL

THROUGH STATE CAPITALISM TO SOCIALISM

THE age of "free competition" between capitalists, large and small, has ended. Marx clearly foresaw its end in 1848, but no human being could then have foreseen the manner in which it would end. Marx saw the inevitable growth of machine production, the certain victory of the big capitalists over the little ones on the economic field, the gradual awakening of the exploited wage-workers, and the certain collapse of competitive capitalism if it attempted to perpetuate itself along the old lines. No one else in his day saw so far nor so clearly; to have seen farther would have been beyond all human possibility. It will be fortunate for us if using Marx's method, we can analyze the economic and political facts of our own day and look ahead half as far as Marx looked in 1848.

Comrade William English Walling, in his new book "Progressivism and After" (Macmillan, New York, \$1.50 net), has attempted this important and difficult task, and to our mind has been surprisingly successful. However other Socialists may dissent from his conclusions, they should at least thank him for his industry in bringing together a wealth of facts bearing directly on the great question of how the necessities and comforts of life are to be produced and distributed in the near future, especially here in the United States.

No one can write of his own times in a wholly detached and unprejudiced fashion. Comrade Walling, realizing this, states at the outset his "political creed" in a few sentences which are worth quoting (page 6):

Whenever there is an inevitable conflict between a lower and higher social group, any person who is wholly progressive must take his stand with the lower group. For the upper group will always use its power chiefly (though not exclusively) for its own purposes. That is, every ruling group is an exploiting group—as long as there is a lower group to be ruled and exploited.

Every individual who wishes the maximum of social progress should therefore view all social questions from the standpoint of "the lower half" (which, however, is not quite half the population and never will be allowed to become half). This lower half consists of several elements, the chief of which is ordinarily called "unskilled labor."

Accordingly, in every conflict between this "lower half" and the next higher social group—which consists largely of the "aristocracy of labor," together with clerical labor, the poorer professionals, etc.—it is the duty of the genuine progressive to take his stand against these latter classes and their parties (usually called labor parties) and to fight on the side of the laboring masses.

Similarly, in every conflict of "the aristocracy of labor" with the next higher social group, the small capitalists, the real progressive must take the side of "the aristocracy of labor." Thus he must stand with "labor" parties as against mere progressive parties, and also, as a rule, with trade unions—no matter how small the group and interests they represent—as against employers.

And finally, in every conflict between progressives and conservatives, he must stand with the progressives—even though they seem to represent nothing but the interest of the small capitalists against the large. For though the interests of non-capitalists be apparently ignored, the majority of the so-called small capitalists "live principally by means of their own labor" and are thus somewhat more akin to labor than to capital.

From this view-point Comrade Walling makes a detailed analysis of the "progress-

sive" tendencies in the three great capitalist parties, and especially of the legislative programs of Wilson and Roosevelt. Space forbids any extended account here of the facts which he marshals. We have only room for his conclusions, and in giving these we must remind the reader that while they will seem very dogmatic and arbitrary, perhaps even improbable, in this condensed form, they are reinforced in the book with a mass of evidence in their support which at least calls for serious consideration.

THE APPROACHING REVOLUTION—TO STATE CAPITALISM.

The economic force behind this impending revolution is the small capitalists, a majority of them farmers, forced into political agreement by the menace of the trust and railway magnates, who if unchecked by the power of the state would still further enrich themselves to the impoverishment of the "little fellows." Some of the measures which must transfer more and more economic power from the "malefactors of great wealth" to the capitalist state are already enacted, such as the parcel post legislation, the Alaska Railways law, the graduated income tax (soon to be far more steeply graduated, Walling predicts), and the Federal Reserve Bank law. Others which may be looked for soon are government ownership of railways and telegraphs, municipal ownership of lighting plants, street cars and other public utilities, and the public appropriation of the "unearned increment" in land values. Still more important to the wage-worker is the immediate prospect of legislation raising wages from a "subsistence" to an "efficiency" level. On page 46 Walling says:

Formerly capital was interested only in the buying and selling of labor power and in saving labor power within the factory. Now capital is interested in the cost of production of the laborer, in making him efficient, in using him efficiently, in economizing him from the cradle to the grave—saving him as a working animal, or as a working machine in which certain human traits also cannot economically be ignored.

It should be noted carefully that this increase of wages does not necessarily mean a decrease of profits, quite the contrary. The increased efficiency of labor, together with the elimination of enforced idleness, which is as easy for state capitalism as it is difficult for competitive capitalism, will immensely increase the total product, so that

the profits of the ruling class will grow faster than wages. And the author shows that the capitalist state can and probably will expend vast sums profitably on social welfare schemes such as pensions to mothers, free lunches to school children, manual training schools, free medical attendance, municipal and sanitary dwellings at low rentals, etc. All these will improve immensely the quantity and quality of the labor supply in the immediate future.

WHO WILL GET THE PROFITS.

It is easily possible that in five or ten years the reforms now enacted or impending, together with the progress of machine production, will double the per capita production of wealth. What is your chance for getting your share of it, or rather what share are you likely to get? Our guess is, using Walling's elaborate data, that if you are an ordinary wage slave getting from \$1.00 a day to \$2.50 with extremely uncertain employment, you will get from \$2.00 to \$3.00 with a pretty fair chance to do all the work you want to do at these figures. But if you are in the \$1,500 a year class, you have a good chance for a raise to \$3,000, and this ratio may hold good until we approach the unhappy individuals who get a million a year for their services as intellectual giants and owners of stocks and bonds. The stern reformers may hold them down to a million and a half a year instead of the two million they would naturally expect.

But happily, this is only a transition stage, to be followed, so Comrade Walling thinks, by

STATE SOCIALISM.

In this stage public ownership will invade the sphere of agriculture, the social importance of the expert will grow at the expense of the smaller capitalists, and the "intellectuals" and the highly skilled mechanics will push their way into the ruling class. Their incomes will grow rapidly until they, in view of their numbers, will receive a large proportion of the annual product. Their importance also will tend to increase while that of the mere owners will tend to decrease. But with the capitalists they will constitute a privileged majority, exploiting an unprivileged minority, the common laborers. These laborers will be better fed, better clothed and better educated than the common laborers of today, but the proportion of the social product which they receive as their wages will be even smaller. They

will be hemmed in by no artificial barriers keeping them from the more desirable and better paid positions. Practically, however, they will be excluded from such positions by their lack of the necessary higher education and technical training.

THE FINAL CLASS STRUGGLE.

Thus the way will be cleared for the final struggle which can only end with the establishment of real Socialism, based on equality of opportunity for all children, those of owners and non-owners, of the skilled and of the unskilled. This final struggle, Walling predicts, will be both political and economic; it will be a long one, but it will end in the abolition of the last class lines.

This brief summary gives but a faint inkling of the suggestiveness of "Progressivism and After." It remains to point out the practical conclusions to be drawn from this mass of facts and of ingenious and logical forecasts.

WHAT WE SOCIALISTS MUST DO.

The competitive system is already bankrupt, dead. The chief sufferers from its collapse today are the wage-workers, and Socialism is essentially the organized revolt of the wage-workers. If the ruling classes were as stupid and short-sighted as some of us have pictured them, the whole task of social reorganization would fall on our shoulders. But this is not the case. The ruling class in all the great capitalist countries is already beginning a social reorganization in its own interest, and incidentally to the material advantage of most if not all wage-workers. What then shall we do? Shall we join hands with the capitalistic reformers, and help them enact their reforms, even though we know these reforms will benefit the capitalists more than the wage-workers? Wilhelm Liebknecht answers (in "No Compromise," page 46):

We Social Democrats dare not be like the other parties, all of whom are equally guilty

of the injustices of the present system and equally responsible for them. Every one who suffers under these injustices looks to us for deliverance. . . . They do not know our scientific program; they do not know what capital and capitalism mean; but they have the belief, the feeling, that we can help when all other parties fail. This belief is for us an inexhaustible source of power. . . . We give up this inexhaustible source of power if we ally ourselves with other parties and drive suffering humanity from us by saying to it: "We are not essentially different from the others." Once the boundary line of the class struggle is wiped away and we have started upon the inclined plane of compromise, there is no stopping. Then we can only go down and down until there is nothing deeper.

When these words were written, shortly before Liebknecht's death, Germany had outwardly advanced farther toward State Capitalism than has the United States today, and his words thus have a very direct application to our tactics for the immediate future. If we continue to advocate mere "public ownership," we may quite possibly win votes and offices here and there, where the "special interests," through the office-holders whom they own, are temporarily blocking the reform program which is essential to the preservation of the whole capitalist class. But by so doing we should be making the fatal mistake against which Liebknecht warns us. We should become "not essentially different from the others," and thus our career would end. We must demand not merely public ownership of industry, but control of working conditions by the workers. The great battles of the next ten years will be for the right of the workers, whether employed by a capitalist corporation or a capitalist state, to ORGANIZE, and through their organization to CONTROL their wages, their hours, and their other working conditions. In the shops and at the polls we Socialists must fight this fight. If we do this we are sure to win. If we shirk it, we deliberately throw away the greatest opportunity that ever has been or ever will be.

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Charles H. Kerr, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1914. Marcus Hitch,

(Seal)

Notary Public.

(My commission expires Oct. 5, 1916.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

International Conference of Working Women. Klara Zetkin, International Secretary of Socialist Women and Women's Organizations, has issued the call for a women's conference in connection with the next Socialist congress. It is to be held at Vienna, on August 21st and 22d. The subjects to be discussed include: the fight for woman suffrage, legal protection and social provision for mothers and children, and the high cost of living. All women's organizations based upon the class-struggle are invited to send delegates. Either men or women can serve as representatives. Suggestions for the order of business must be submitted before June 1st.

Our Women's Committee and the Women's Trade Union League should surely be represented.

Woman's Day. March 8th, the first day of the famous Red Week, was woman's day over a good part of continental Europe. In all the large cities of Germany, Austria and Switzerland there were mass-meetings. In Russia, France and numerous other countries there were meetings in many of the working-class centers. In greater Berlin there were 46 meetings, in Munich 9, in Nürnberg 10, in Dresden 5, and so on throughout the empire. Even the little villages, usually so calm and medieval, were touched by this great demonstration. Everywhere the women marched in great masses through the streets and overflowed from the buildings in which meetings were held.

In all the meetings held in Germany the following resolution was adopted: "The tremendous development of capitalism reveals increasingly its greedy character and forces the working class into more and more terrible conflicts. On account of these facts the women workers feel the bitter wrong and burning shame of existing in the midst of these conflicts without political weapons. Conscious of their achievements in capitalist industry and of their sacrifices for motherhood and the home, they demand complete citizen-

ship; universal equal, direct, and secret suffrage for all citizens over twenty years of age."

When one remembers that during the five years from 1908 to 1913 the number of women in the German Social Democratic Party increased from 40,421 to 130,371, this resolution begins to mean something. At the present moment there are more women in the German movement than there are men and women in our own. And they are not lacking in character and power of initiative. They are by no means a mere echo of the men. Klara Zetkin and Rosa Luxemburg are real leaders. It is notable that when there is a division at party congresses the women are almost always to be found on the most radical side. They feel the evils of capitalism more strongly than men and are less tolerant of half-way measures.

Rosa Luxemburg in Jail. In this connection it is well to remember that the police and the courts do not draw any sex lines when they institute prosecutions and pronounce sentences. At Frankfort am Main, Comrade Rosa Luxemburg has just been sentenced to a year's imprisonment. In a public address she declared: "If it is thought that we will turn our weapons on our French comrades or other foreigners, then we declare we shall never do it!" This the prosecuting attorney interpreted as an incitement to murder army officers. Comrade Luxemburg answered in a brilliant speech, but the conviction was a foregone conclusion.

The Red Week. The Germans have had a week devoted to getting new members and boosting the party press. It has resulted in a brilliant success. No account of final results is available at the present writing. But a few items have been reported which make one wish we could have a "red week" in this country. In Hamburg 10,000 new members were added to the party, in Frankfort 865, in Mannheim 800, etc. Many thousands of subscribers were added to the lists of the party papers.

This arousing of interest comes most opportunely. The "patriotic revival" which has resulted from the Zabern affair, is breaking up the Liberal party. Recent by-elections show that Conservatives and Socialists are the gainers. Soon there will be another general election to the Reichstag, and the Social Democratic Party, with membership increased and press strengthened, will be in a splendid position for the campaign.

From Dublin to Ulster. Dublin strike leaders were jailed for asking soldiers not to shoot down members of their own class; in Ulster, lords and gentlemen have become heroes by managing to bring about open insubordination on the part of British army officers. This is the most interesting thing about the home rule embroglio. It makes mighty little difference to the workers whether Ulster is ruled by the Irish or the English. It will probably be ruled badly enough in either case. It may be worth remembering that Ulster is only a small part of Ireland and that a third of its citizens are Catholics. So the fact that Catholics are in the majority in the island as a whole cannot be regarded as a very good reason for resisting home rule in the north. The whole mess has evidently been stirred up to defeat home-rule and thus keep it before the people as an issue and so hinder the consideration of really vital matters. As long as Ireland and England can be kept at odds, both Irish and English workers may be hypnotized into forgetting their real problems. Home-rule is an indispensable piece of the Liberal-Unionist stage setting. No wonder that statesmen are making desperate efforts to save it at this late day and see if it cannot be worked a little longer.

But this one fact which has come out of the squabble is big and clear and important: if a workingman advocates resistance to authority it is crime; if a gentleman does the same thing, it is heroism.

And every election shows that the labor vote is growing. Also the Socialist vote. Things become so clear in time that even a workingman can see them, and an English workingman at that.

English Teachers on Strike. The public school teachers of Hereford county, England, went out on strike in February,

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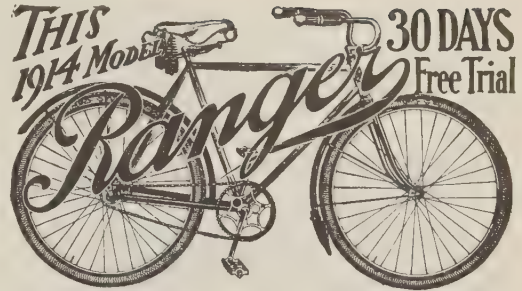
and won. On the average they had been getting about \$400 a year. They had no scale of wages. They were told by the County Education Authority that each case would "be considered on its merits." That is, each individual teacher would be paid as little as possible. Favoritism and chicanery would be rampant. Now these particular teachers were so poor that they were not ashamed to act like working people. They went on strike. They tied up the schools. They were prepared to stay out indefinitely. They had the National Union of Teachers behind them. This union had showed its position in the world by donating \$4,500 dollars to the Dublin strike. It was ready to give strike benefits to its members.

The end of the matter was that the authority gave way. There is to be a wage scale with regular formations. This is the immediate result, but there is another one looming in the not distant future. The next conference of the N. T. U. is to consider the following resolution: "That this Conference consider the question of (a) registration of the N. U. T. under the Trade Union and Friendly Societies Act and affiliation with the National Labor Movement; or (b) teachers becoming civil servants; or (c) the recognition of teaching as an independent profession."

It is worth noting that in their struggle these teachers had the support of the parents. There is no doubt of the fact that with better paid teachers, which will mean better teachers, the pupils and the whole community will be better off.

An Echo of the South African Atrocities. The following cable dispatch appeared in our dailies on March 19: "The elections for members of the Transvaal Council were fought out today (March 18) on the question of the recent deportation of labor leaders, and resulted in sweeping victories for the labor candidates, who obtained a majority in the Council." These matters are not managed so simply now as they once were.

Fifteen Per Cent Organized. The tenth year-book of the world's trade union movement is about to be published by International Federation. It deals with the year 1912. It contains accounts of the labor movements in 20 different countries.



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All the chief countries and regions are included excepting Australia and South Africa. These will soon be in the fold. Of course official figures cover only the unions connected with national federations. The International Federation makes it a rule to recognize only one central body in each country. In the United States, for example, only the organizations belonging to the A. F. of L. are represented. In England the Miners Union, one of the largest single organizations in the world, is not recognized because it does not belong to the central body.

Nevertheless this annual report is the most inclusive thing of the sort we have, and the information it gives shows better than anything else can how the working class is making history at the present time. Within the year 1912 the number of organized workers in unions reported to the international organization increased from 11,435,498 to 12,368,103. This is an advance of nearly a million. And in the main this represents, not affiliations of new organizations, but steady increase in the membership of organizations previously affiliated. The greatest single gain was in Germany, where the regular trade union movement grew from 3,061,002 to 3,317,271. The only countries in which a loss is recorded are Austria and the countries immediately affected by the Balkan war.

Here are a number of interesting items gleaned from reports of separate countries. In Finland the Russian government is doing its best to destroy the union movement. Despite the most bitter persecution, however, the national center shows an increase of membership from 19,640 to 23,839. The German report includes the astounding information that "there are now as many female as male wage earners." Nevertheless, the women workers constitute less than nine per cent of the trades union membership. The loss of 8,000 members in Austria is largely due to the secession of the Czechish unions. In Italy two-thirds of the workers are employed in agriculture.

Fourteen countries report the number of wage earners who are eligible to membership in unions. These figures show better than anything else could how

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much remains to be done in the way of organization. The figures follow: U. S. 22,234,038 (including 2,793,351 females), Great Britain 18,261,146 (5,309,960 females), Germany 13,593,391 (4,081,510 females), Italy 7,787,166 (2,396,608 females), Hungary 2,268,342, Belgium 2,043,000 (711,000 females), Holland 906,648 (96,423 females), Sweden 810,000 (135,000 females), Switzerland 800,000, Finland 450,000, Denmark 439,038 (101,837 females), Norway 229,260 (25,670 females), Roumania 133,866, Croatia, 40,000. A little computation shows that in these 14 countries the reported membership in unions is 10,618,357 and the total number of workers eligible is 69,799,115. That is, of the eligible workers a little more than 15 per cent are organized.

If fifteen per cent of the workers can raise wages, reduce hours, and put fear into the heart of greedy capitalists, what could fifty per cent do? Or rather, what could they not do?

The Western Comrade HURRY UP! GET A COPY!

The MAY number is out! A smashing article on California's fight for a **UNIVERSAL EIGHT-HOUR LAW** appears in **The Western Comrade for May**. This article is a corker and is by **Thomas W. Williams**, State Secretary of the Socialist party of California.

If you've been **skeptical about political action**, read this great article. It'll make you sit up and take notice. In California, the **workers have the initiative, referendum and recall**—see what they are doing with it. If there's any opposition to intelligent political action in your system, read Williams' article and **you will be set right**.

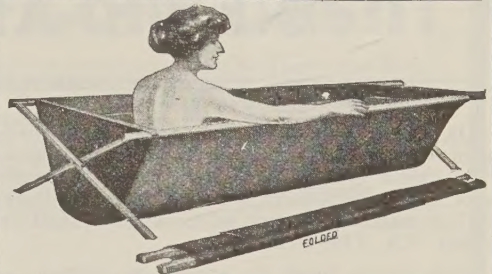
Emanuel Julius, Chester M. Wright, Edgcumb Pinchon, Sydney Hillyard, Dr. J. E. Pottenger—all of them Californians—help make **The Western Comrade for May** a humdinger!

Send one dollar to **The Western Comrade, Box 135, Los Angeles, Cal.**, and you will get the magazine for an entire year. Or, you can get a **sample copy** by sending ten cents. Do it now! Don't wait.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Us, The Owners.—The following poetic gem was mailed to THE REVIEW and signed "Evanston Owner." Evidently one capitalist was highly indignant over the poem published in last month's REVIEW by Covington Hall entitled "Us, The Hoboes."

You won't laugh to scorn our power,
Nor touch ONE title deed,
You are but a bunch of cowards,
And of such we're not in awe.

Just dare to break your fetters,
Or touch ONE title deed,
And we'll sweep you all to blazes
With double lightning speed!

We've got the nerve; we've got the power,
We've got the weapons, too;
Your fathers' fathers feared us,
And you shall fear us, too!

Readers of the REVIEW will note that this work of our capitalist enemy lacks something of the strength and the refreshing style of the poems of our proletarian friends. We have a suspicion that he is used more to counting bank notes than to conning verse. But, Mr. Capitalist, do not despair. Read over the poems of A Paint Creek Miner, Covington Hall and Reginald Kauffman and, since your heart seems to be devoted to the Cause of Property, you will perhaps be able one day to sing the song classic—of Business!

The Review is in a class by itself.—W. S. Tibbetts, Springfield, Ohio.

From Two of the Old Guard.—"I have been growing old working for Socialism, being now 64 and some of the old comrades in Chicago will remember my name. I could not get a situation in my trade and left for New York City, from there I drifted down to Jacksonville, Fla. I am thinking seriously of becoming a Socialist newsboy again in order to carry on the good work and at the same time support myself, so please send me a bunch of REVIEWS.—S. Blankenfeld.

Comrade Gober of Brownwood, Texas, writes—"I have been reading the Fighting Magazine of the working class for years and I am lonesome without it, but alas funds have suspended with me, a 72-year-old farm slave, cast upon the scrap pile with other pieces of worn out machinery. Send me a bundle of REVIEWS to sell. Yours for the Revolution.

From a Maryland Socialist.—Bundles of REVIEWS arrived in good order. You are getting out a fine magazine. Keep it up.—H. Clifford Wright.

From an Arizona Red.—Will say that I find the REVIEW brim full, as usual, of interesting reading, and wish that its circulation would be increased a hundred fold.—Edwin H. White.

From the Reds.—The following rebels have been on the job during the past month. They have each sent in ten or more new subscriptions to the Fighting Magazine. If your flag is the RED flag then show your colors by getting new readers for the Red Flag Magazine.

Several of the so-called "big magazines" are running milk and water Socialistic reform articles, which are being boosted by half-baked Socialists, politicians and labor skates as "great stuff," so it is up to you revolutionary workers to get busy all along the line and hustle for your own magazine.

Hermann, Cleveland, Ohio.....	10
Pfundt, Holly, Wash.....	25
Anderson, Willard, N. Mex.....	10
Norby, Leavenworth, Wash.....	10
Kidwell, Jackson, Mich.....	14
Goold, Rockvale, Colo.....	13
Peura, Wickes, Mont.....	13
Semryck, Wichita, Kan.....	11
Marris, Pauls Valley, Okla.....	10
Powell, Easton, Pa.....	10
Munyon, Buffalo, Okla.....	15
Stehmeyer, Akron, Ohio.....	10
Douglass, Antlers, Okla.....	10
Stecker, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Low, Seattle, Wash.....	10
Lytton, Tishomingo, Okla.....	10
Boyd, Collinsville, Okla.....	10
Carpenter, Charleston, Mass.....	33
Conger, Delburne, Alta., Can.....	20
Beaty, Utica, Kan.....	10
Westphal, Plentywood, Mont.....	12
Hanshaw, San Dimas, Cal.....	11
Hopkinson, Glenoma, Wash.....	10
Fleming, Braddock, Pa.....	10
Davis, Chicago Heights, Ill.....	10
Scott, Kennett, Mo.....	27
Cole, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	11
Townsend, Saugus, Mass.....	10
Hughes, Pleasant Lake, N. D.....	10
Mossberg, Duluth, Minn.....	10

From a Denver Reader.—Your magazine is getting better each month. It is a pleasure to me to see it coming each month.—Miss M. M. Hughes.

From a California Reader.—I would be sorry to miss a number of the REVIEW. It is to say the least one of the best of the Socialist papers.—Cora S. Hansen.

From a United Mine Worker.—Find enclosed \$1.00 for the SOCIALIST REVIEW. I left the Cumberland, B. C., coal strike five months ago—but the REVIEW always finds me. The coal miners out here in the state of Washington are working only four or five days a month and still they don't revolt. I will sure plant some REVIEWS here.—Wm. Cornick.

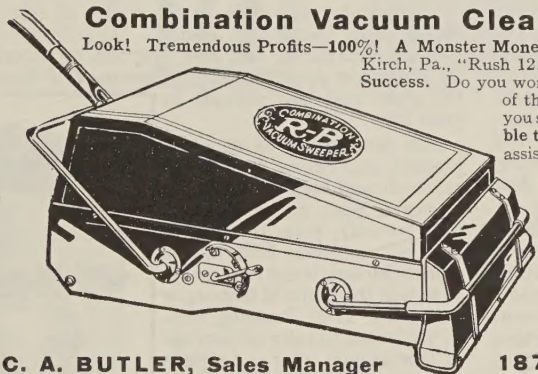
Chinese Socialist Paper.—Kiang Kanghu at 732 Jackson street, San Francisco, Calif., is

\$90 A Week—Cold Cash!

That's what I want to pay you every week this year. I want hustlers everywhere to act as my Special Sales Representatives, advertising, selling and appointing agents for the far-famed mechanical marvel—the **R-B COMBINATION VACUUM SWEEPER**. It's the one big 1914 Selling Success. An amazing new invention. Different in construction. Revolutionizes housecleaning. Just what the housewife has been waiting for. Positively astounding the way this Combination cleaner takes the dirt from beneath and right through the carpet. Sweeps up thread, lint, dust, etc. **Three bellows ;rubbertired wheels; friction rollers; adjustable brush.** Lightens work; kills worry; conquers dirt. **Makes carpet look like new.** No need to take off floor; no need to beat on line. Child can operate to perfection. Saves carpet wear and tear; saves tired, aching backs and arms. **No labor, no effort, no drudgery.** Push back and forth across floor like old-style carpet sweeper. Combines the work of high-priced \$100 Electric Vacuum Cleaner and highest grade Carpet Sweeper—all in one. Twenty million homes are just waiting for this absolutely new, money-back-guaranteed invention.

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editing a new Chinese Socialist newspaper, printed in Chinese that our Chinese comrades will want to subscribe for. Send ten cents for sample copies and get your friends to subscribe.

In Alaska.—Comrade Sandberg, of Dawson, Yukon Territory, writes that capitalism is acquiring a healthy growth in Alaska. He says that the workers there have repeatedly put in the worst bunch of politicians north of the border line, but that a Socialist local has been organized to stay on the job and wise up their fellow workers and look after their own interests—when they get strong enough.

It seems the Guggenheims have a physician(?) for their wage slaves in the vicinity of Dawson, for whose services the poor stiff has to dig up \$2.50 a month. Of course this makes a nice little income for the gentleman of the profession. When you have a steady income, why work for it? is a question that men in this position ask themselves. Was it so with the doctor?

A poor rebel who has been very sick in the hospital dared to write to the Commissioner asking that he be given another medical attendant. He complained of the way the eminent pill slinger treated those who were coughing up to keep him in luxury. For this reason, he was forcibly taken from the hospital and placed in a pest-hole of the jail, a modern Northern Bastille. There he was denied medical attention and legal advice. It would not do that one of the men who PAY THE BILLS be permitted to criticise a tool

HA! HA! SAY WE

No other magazine in America had as much written about it in the newspapers last month as did

THE MASSES

which is an impudent, frank, arrogant, entirely free revolutionary monthly, containing the most remarkable illustrations being published anywhere.

Yes, the newspapers printed yards about the Associated Press "criminal libel" suit against Editor Eastman and Cartoonist Art Young and lots of brickbats and some orchids were hurled at the audacious Masses.

Did you notice that 2,000 people packed Cooper Union, New York, March 5th, pledging support to the Masses' fight for free press? Wonderful demonstration!

By the way, do **YOU** get the Masses?

No? Then send a dollar quick for a year's subscription! You buy 12 "surprise packages." Big stuff in April and May numbers.

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THE MASSES

91 Greenwich Avenue
New York City

of the Big Interests. It is the part of the workers to work, pay and keep quiet. And the so-called doctor determined to give the workers a lesson that would scare them all into a future silence about the medical inattention he is giving the men.

Police Magistrate Moody must have laid his plans with the variable M. D. when the Goddess of Justice was asleep. It is certain that neither of these grab-its would recognize that worthy lady if they met her face to face. At any rate Cop Moody and Doc. Chip-'em worked together then, as always, and put poor George Berg, a wage slave, where he could do them little harm talking to his comrades.

Comrade Berg declares he heard these sweet coadjutors evolving plans to declare him insane and place him once and for all out of opportunity for exposing them. As is the privilege of all true graduates of the detective and politician's art, these worthy conspirators-against-a-working-man went through his pockets and his clothing for any little thing that might come in useful to them. They discovered a short article written by Berg in which he explained "Why I am a Socialist" and some revolutionary literature that shows the working class how to overthrow a system that means fat jobs like Chip-'em and Moody and the brutality and torture of workingmen.

When Berg begged for books the jailers laughed at him. He could secure no medical examination, no jury trial. Day and night he was spied upon. At last he refused to eat ANY food. This finally forced the Magistrate to release him after eight days of the hunger strike. It would never do for Berg's friends to investigate and find out what had really happened. They wanted to get rid of him.

Of course the Crown Prosecutor and everybody else refused to take up the case against Berg's tormentors. Press and politicians are under the thumbs of the capitalist class. Comrade Sandberg writes that one of the dangerous documents found in Berg's pocket was a copy of the REVIEW. But all this is opening the eyes of the workers of Alaska. Socialism is growing by leaps and bounds and the day is not far distant when the workers—organized on the industrial and political fields, can call a halt to the exploitation and impositions of those who live off the workers.

Likes Our Catholic Book.—Comrade Lang of Muscatine ordered 100 copies of "Why Catholic Workers Should be Socialists." Goldstein has been lecturing in that city against Socialism. Comrade Lang says "Why Catholic Workers Should Be Socialists" is the kind of book to get back at Goldstein with.

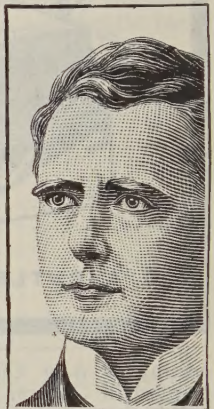
Coshocton, Ohio's, Socialist Mayor.—Comrade L. N. Staats, Socialist Mayor of Coshocton, Ohio, cheered us up this month by boosting receipts with a large book order and by taking a share of stock in our publishing house. His selection of books is one that every Socialist should have. No wonder you will find things doing in Coshocton.

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